MY TREASURE TROVE OF *Memories*

MONETA JOHNSON FILLERUP

MY *TREASURE TROVE*

OF

Memories

BY

MONETA JOHNSON FILLERUP

1957

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DOROTHY FILLERUP BOYER AND WANDA TURLEY SMITH
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Dedicated

To the memory of my beloved husband
Charles Richard Fillerup, Senior.

Foreword

I am thankful that we carry with us through life, memory pictures and heart ties that are most precious. I started to write "My Treasure Trove of Memories" June 1, 1948, on what would have been Papa's and my Golden Wedding Anniversary. I have had a desire to write of some of the things that Papa and I held so very dear. It is my hope that it may be as a legacy and a source of inspiration and encouragement to our children and our children's children down to the last generation. That it may truly be "Reverent Memories of Home and Family".

Moneta Johnson Fillerup

Moneta Johnson Fillerup – 1931

Introduction

"Let the record be made of the things of today lest they pass out of memory tomorrow and are lost forever." Joseph Kirkland[1]

In 1957, Grandmother Fillerup sent a copy of her wonderful book, *My Treasure Trove of Memories*, to each child and grandchild of Moneta Johnson and Charles Richard Fillerup, Sr. Over the years many copies have been lost or damaged, and the family has added many members—most of whom have never had the opportunity to read her story. Perhaps, as the oldest granddaughters of Moneta Johnson Fillerup, we have felt an urgency to make her life story available for her descendants.

The family is indebted to Ruby Fillerup Tepsich for her work in initially transcribing into printed form her mother's *My Treasure Trove of Memories*, as well as some of the early journals of her maternal grandfather, William Derby Johnson, Jr.

Several years ago, Doadie spent a great deal of time researching details of life in the Mormon colony of Colonia Diaz, Mexico from its inception in 1885 to the Exodus in 1912. These details enhance Grandma's story. Primary sources were the excellent book by Annie Richardson Johnson, *Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz* and the journals of our great grandfather, William Derby Johnson, Jr.

Also included are additional photos and information we consider relevant and interesting. These are from Wilma Fillerup Turley's Family album and records; personal records of Charles Richard Fillerup, Jr. and Kathe Fillerup Freeman; LDS genealogical records; and letters, photographs and information from other Fillerup and Johnson family members. The added information, with its source, has been placed inside brackets and italicized in order to separate it from Moneta's original text.

We especially thank the copyright owners, Yvonne Child Hiss and Enola Johnson Mangelson, of *Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz* by Annie Richardson Johnson for their generosity in allowing us to quote text and scan photos from this wonderful source of information graphically depicting an era of special importance in our family history.

The book has been saved in PDF files on compact disks for further reprints.

Dorothy (Doadie) Fillerup Boyer
Wanda Turley Smith

[1]*Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz*, Foreword, Annie R. Johnson, Publisher's Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1972

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Preface

Moneta Johnson was born in 1882, the same year the U. S. Congress passed the Edmunds Law, which was an amendment to the anti-bigamy law of 1862. It defined polygamy as a crime. Any person who has a husband or wife living, that hereafter marries another, is guilty of a crime. The penalty was a $500.00 fine or five years imprisonment, or both in the discretion of the court. By the winter of 1884/1885, federal prosecution of the law had become very vigorous. Even wives and children were subpoenaed to appear in court and husbands were being imprisoned and fined if convicted of "unlawful cohabitation".

A short background on Moneta's father is important to her story. In 1870, William Derby Johnson, Jr. had been called by Brigham Young to move from Salt Lake City to Southern Utah to teach school, becoming the Superintendent of School there. By 1885, the 34-year-old William Derby had become prominent in the settlement of Kanab, having served as Bishop since 1877, and recently as 1st counselor in the Stake Presidency.

He also served as a Representative to the Utah legislature for Washington and Kane counties, and in 1883 was a member of the Delegates from Utah sent to Washington, D. C. in an attempt to have Utah admitted as a State in the Union.

Hardworking and enterprising, William Derby prospered. In early 1885 he had just completed building and furnishing a two-story, fourteen-room home for his families in Kanab. The family consisted of his four wives and their children: Lucy Annie Salisbury and 15-year-old William Derby Johnson, III; Lucy Elizabeth Brown and 7-year-old son Zeno; Charlesetta Prescott Cram with little ones Moneta and Clare; and Mary Agnes Riggs, the youngest wife. Also adopted daughter, Domer Jones, fifteen years old. (Domer was seven at the time her father, William Jasper Jones, died on April 4, 1878. Her mother, Abigail Cradit, died previously and they left orphaned children.)

On February 22, 1885, President John Taylor and Apostle Erastus Snow warned William Derby that his arrest was imminent. It was determined that Mexico would be the safest destination for plural families as there were no laws there prohibiting plural marriage.

From William Derby's journal, we get the picture of the situation of family members at 9:30 on the dark and rainy night of March 11, 1885 as William Derby began his journey to Mexico with his wife Lucy and their 5-week-old son, Rupert Fay:

Mary would go with the William Nelson family to Erastus (now Concho), Arizona to stay with her brother, Charles Riggs, until William Derby could send for her.

Charlesetta, seven and a half months pregnant, would stay in Kanab and care for the five children and Lulu. Lulu was very ill, having suffered years from severe heart disease.

Subsequently, Charlesetta's baby, Lucy Annie, was born April 23 and Lulu died three days later, on April 26, 1885.

This is the setting for the beginning of Moneta's story.

My Treasure Trove of Memories

I, Moneta Johnson, [LDS church Ancestral File Number (AFN): 18WW-8G] daughter of William Derby Johnson, Jr. [18WW-GH] and Charlesetta Prescott Cram [18WW-HN], was born January 29, 1882, in Kanab, Kane County, Utah. I married Charles Richard Fillerup [18WW-79], son of Anders Peter Fillerup [18WW-D5] and Caroline Rasmussen [18WW-FB], June 1, 1898, in the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

I wish to write our family history, particularly from the time Papa and I first met, but I know it would not be complete without a brief story of my early life.

My Early Childhood

My father went to Mexico in the Spring of 1885, and we were to go in the Fall. My father's brother, Elmer [*Wood*] Johnson, Sr. [*1DM3-C4*], took my mother, [*Charlesetta Cram, third wife*] , my oldest brother Willie [*William Derby, III, son and only natural child of William Derby Johnson, Jr. and his first wife, Lucy Annie Salisbury 1QWH-1K*], (whose mother had died in April, a short time after my father left for Mexico), my adopted sister Domer, [*adopted child of above parents*] myself, my brothers Zeno [*Martel, 2SBW-30, son of WDJ, Jr. and second wife, Lucy Elizabeth Brown 178V-3F*] and [*Ivan*] Clare [*18WX-53, third child of WDJ, Jr. and Charlesetta*] and my baby sister Lulu [*Lucy Annie 18WX-68, fourth child of WDJ, Jr. and Charlesetta*] to join my father in Mexico. We left Kanab, Utah the middle of October 1885. We had two wagons and Willie [*age 15*] drove one, Uncle Elmer the other. Zeno [*age 7*] rode one of the horses and drove the extra horses and a cow.

One morning when we were going over the mountains, my brother Clare, two and one-half years old, fell from the wagon seat on to the ground, and the front and back wheels of the wagon passed over his body. It was thought at first, that he would not live. We stopped at a ranch for three days and through faith, prayer and administration, Clare was well enough for us to continue our journey.

There were six wagons in our company: our two wagons, Brother Brinkerhoff's two wagons, and Brother Merrill's two wagons. One night we had just camped and turned the horses out to graze, when a campfire was seen on a hill a few miles away. It was dark but we had not yet made a fire. It was an Indian campfire and the Indians were dancing around the fire, and by the light of the fire their feathered headdresses and bows and arrows could be seen, so the men knew it was a war dance. It was decided that we must not make a fire, but harness our horses and move on at once, not stopping to have supper. We ate cookies and other things, which could be eaten in the wagons. We traveled all night, never stopping until the sun came up and we could camp in safety.

A few days later, my Uncle Elmer was cleaning his gun. He thought he had unloaded it, but it went off and blew the top of his hat off. That was a scare for every one. I remember, too, when we crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. We crossed on a boat, the wagons were taken on a raft and the horses swam across the river. I was only three and one-half years old, but it was a frightening experience I have never forgotten.

On December 12th, my father met us fifteen miles from the place where they were camped

[*W.D. Johnson said, "I was astonished at being sustained as the first Bishop in Mexico. I felt disappointed as I had served one term of nine years as Bishop in Kanab, Utah, so when Apostle Teasdale asked me if I would accept the office, I told him that I did not desire or want it, but if it was the wish of the brethren over me I would do the best I could, but would rather be excused as it was a very arduous calling." Brother Johnson's duties increased when he was sustained as Bishop Agent or Tithing Clerk for the Mexican Mission. p. 61*].

in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, which was called the Teasdale Camp. [*The establishment of camps by the Mormon settlers on the Casas Grandes River in northern Chihuahua, Mexico inaugurated the second phase of the Mexican colonization project – that of obtaining land and its subsequent settlement. Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, p. 32*]. About thirty families were camped there. It was located about ten miles from where the town of Colonia Diaz was later built. [*Lot Smith Camp became*] the town first called [*Teasdale and later changed to*] St. George [*and then Colonia Diaz p. 57*].

On October 24, 1886, my father [*who had previously been made Bishop's Agent for the Mexican Mission, p. 59-60*] was sustained as the Bishop of the St. George Ward in Mexico, but when he was set apart as Bishop on November 9th, the name of the Ward and town was changed to Colonia Diaz, honoring the President of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz.

[*The first homes were built without rock foundations and had dirt roofs and floors. Blue prints of the town called for the houses to be built facing the street behind a spacious front yard designed for flowers and trees. Corrals and stockyards, relegated to the center of the block at the adjoining four corners, were to be connected with the street by fenced lanes. Orchards and gardens would fill the rest of the lot. W.D. Johnson, Jr. brought lumber and building supplies from Deming, New Mexico (95 miles away) and his house (Lot NE/55, p. 67) was the first in all of Northern Chihuahua with a shingled roof and lumber floor. He moved into the house on 15th December 1886.(p. 65). Martin M. Sanders and W.D. Johnson, Jr. arrived in Colonia Diaz on the same day, April 21, 1885. When they built their houses across the street from*

each other, they ran a race to see who could finish the roof first. Sanders won by one shingle. Later he sold his place (Lot NW/54) to W.D. Johnson who then moved his wife, Charlesetta, into it.

[*As homes were built on adjoining city lots, apportioned to each brother according to the number of wives he had, the town resolved itself into pleasing little family neighborhoods, unique to the Mormon Mexican colonies. Although each mother presided over her own home and family, the children...mingled freely in all the homes, loved the "Aunty Mothers", profited by their combined talents and felt security under the leadership and love of a wise father in the Patriarchal Order. p. 68*.]

December 25, 1886, our first Christmas in Colonia Diaz, everyone met at Martin Sander's house for a social. Brother Sullivan C. (Sully) Richardson made wagons for all the little boys, and Verona Whiting and others made bouquets of paper flowers and necklaces from the seeds of Palo Verde trees, for the little girls. Sully Richardson dressed up like Santa Claus and gave popcorn balls to all the children.

[*At Lot Smith's camp, in February 1886, Apostle Erastus Snow (and Apostles George Teasdale and Brigham Young, Jr.) set W.D. Johnson, Jr. apart to act as doctor for the Mexican people in that area. Johnson says that he even had to perform surgical operations. Dr. Derby often rode horseback over mere trails to far-flung ranches knowing full well that the penniless people could pay only in gratitude. One little Mexican mother expressed her gratitude through the gift of a live hen. At home, Lucy Johnson ... untied the hen from the saddle, cuddled it tenderly in her arms, and housed her safely inside the tent. "The egg that hen soon laid," says Sister Johnson, "seemed to me to be the most precious thing on earth. And so that my family might all enjoy its luxury, I used it to make a bake-oven cake." Some of his patients, however, did pay him better. With the money he earned as a doctor he was able to send to the United States for a stove, costing $50 with duty (first cost at Deming $22) and a tent for $25 which greatly helped his family. p.176-7*].

In the Spring of 1887, there was an earthquake in Colonia Diaz, and I plainly remember how our house shook and cracked one corner of the front room. Zeno and I were playing with some neighborhood children in the yard. We couldn't stand up and we were crying when my mother came out of the house to get us.

[*About three p.m. on May 3, 1887, ... the earth heaved and shook itself into three minutes of the severest earthquake ever recorded in the district. The (Merrill) house and all its contents seemed to come alive. Medicine and bluing bottles jittered off the shelf, dishes curtsied to each other, pictures fell from the wall, pans spewed milk in reckless abandon. One wall of the house cracked from side to side. Practically every house in Colonia Diaz was damaged. ... Reactions to the quake were as varied as the number of homes and people affected. Verona Whiting, practicing a group of Primary girls in her front room, rushed them out into the yard to kneel in prayer. As her husband, Charles, abandoning his job of roofing an outdoor building, rushed past, she implored him to come and join them in prayer. His answer, "Oh, I'm one ahead of you, I prayed this morning," jolted back to her as he bolted into the animated house to rescue the swaying clock and nervous furniture. ... Brother Mortensen, lying on his stomach to*

drink from the canal, began to feel like a measuring worm humping up and down as the tremors shuddered eastward under his body until the agitated water splashed over his head choking him into a sitting position. ... At Diaz, the Palatada springs were made to double their usual water supply and new streams flowing into the Piedras Verdes supplied water for the upper colonies. Surely the "Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." pp 85-86.]

In June 1887, Apostle George Teasdale called my father to go and doctor the Administrator of the Custom House in La Ascension (four miles from Colonia Diaz). After being asked three times to go, Apostle Teasdale told him he was called as a servant of the Lord to go and doctor the Administrator. My father said his success in this calling was wonderful and soon he had more patients than he could take care of.

He became known as Doctor Derby, even performing surgical operations, and as he said, only the power of God enabled him to do it as "I knew comparatively nothing about surgery". During an epidemic of small pox, my father vaccinated all the people in town. [*Bishop Johnson was enabled to obtain a small amount of vaccine and used his ingenuity to immunize others by vaccinating them with pus from an active pox. p. 176*]. I was about six years old, and Rosetta Norton and I decided to vaccinate ourselves. Six times each, with mesquite thorns, we scratched little crisscrosses, as I had seen my father do, and from our arm where our vaccination was working, we took pus and put it on the scratches as I had seen my father do with vaccine. Every one worked and we carry the scars to this day: one on the left wrist, two on the left knee and three on the right knee. Oh my, but we were sick girls! [*Rosetta was the daughter of J. Wesley Norton and wife II, Lucy Jane Marble, who was called the Midwife Superior of Colonia Diaz, delivering over 1200 babies to Mexicans as well as Americans. She delivered twenty of W.D. Johnson Jr.'s babies; two to Erastus Kruse Fillerup and one to C.R. Fillerup, pps 184-5; 469-70*].

[*Colonia Diaz, as was true of all the Mormon settlements in Chihuahua, was situated on the Casas Grandes River and was located nearly 200 miles southwest from El Paso, Texas, and northwest of the City of Chihuahua about 250 miles. The valley in which it is situated is about 25 by 70 miles in extent and has an elevation of about 5000 ft. above sea level. The soil is fertile and well adapted to the production of beans, corn, potatoes, squash, sugar cane, small grain, and even fruit, common to the temperate zone, did well.*]

[*By the middle of the 1890's, 2,000 shade trees had been planted on the town site, as well as 15,000 fruit trees and 5,000 grape vines. For grazing of cattle, the country surrounding was excellent. Windmills became common and proved to be profitable, since there was plenty of wind and an abundance of water of good quality, from eight to ten feet beneath the surface of the ground. The water thus pumped furnished culinary water and water for gardens. pp. 74, 75, "The Mormon Colonies in Mexico" by Thomas Cottam Romney.*]

[*On May 25, 1888, Bishop Johnson installed Diaz's first windmill near the home of his wife, Lucy, on Main Street. The mill was a twelve-foot "Eclipse" purchased at Deming for $120. The price included sufficient pipe, a five-inch cylinder and installation. p. 77*]

[*Additional water was added for town and fields in 1888 with the completion of a canal tapping the river four miles south*

of the colony ... and somewhat later, another canal, twenty-five miles in length which conveyed the water from a series of magnificent springs whose water was constant...Little timber of value grew in the valley and it was to be found only along the banks of the river. This limited supply consisted chiefly of cottonwood and willow. p. 75, "The Mormon Colonies in Mexico."]

The first few years we were in Mexico, it was very difficult to get goods from the United States, because of the heavy duty charged in the Custom House. We were not near a railroad and transportation was slow and the roads were bad. Many times we had to make our soap, lye, starch, vinegar and candles, too, when there was no coal-oil available.

Lye was made by putting wood ashes in a barrel, pouring water over the ashes, stirring, then allowing them to settle. The water would be lye. Soap was made by cooking grease, lye and water in a large kettle until it became thick; then it was cooled, allowed to get firm, and was then cut into the desired size pieces and dried until hard. Starch for clothes was made by grating raw Irish potatoes, then adding water and allowing this to stand until the potato shreds settled. The water was then drained off and allowed to stand until it became clear. The clear water was drained off and a thin coating of starch would be in the bottom of the vessel which, when dry, would be starch. Cornstarch for cooking was made of grated raw corn by the same process as potato starch. The cornstarch was white; starch made from potatoes was darker.

Candles were made by melting tallow and twisting white cotton yarn for wicks. A string of yarn was put in each candle mold, using little sticks across the top of the mold to keep the wicks from going down. Then the melted tallow was carefully poured into molds, cooled and allowed to set until firm. There were usually twelve candle molds fastened together.

We made our own carpets of rags, hand woven on carpet looms. The rags for the carpets were made from strips of cloth from old clothing and other things, torn about an inch wide and then sewn together and rolled into balls. Carpet warp of different colors were used to weave the carpet rags together, usually about a yard wide. We used to have carpet rag bees. A crowd of young people would be invited and all would sew carpet rags together and make them into balls. We had lots of fun at these "Bees", and refreshments were always served at the close the evening's work.

In the Fall, after the wheat had been threshed and clean new straw was available, we would take our rag carpets off the floor, remove the old straw, sweep the floor, amid clouds of dust, and get down on our knees and scrub the floor with soap and warm water and a scrubbing brush. Then we would put a layer of new straw on the floor, put the carpet down, stretched tight and securely tacked down on the floor. It made a fine warm floor covering. We had wall-to-wall carpeting.

Then, too, we would empty the old straw out of the bed ticks, wash them, and refill them with clean fresh straw. Straw ticks made a very soft and comfortable bed. We used to make hats of straw, by taking the long straws and soaking them in water, then braiding them in fancy patterns. When we had several yards of straw braided, we sewed it together to make a crown and shaped it by soaking it in water for a while, then putting it on a hat block. Next we sewed the braid to form a brim and sewed it to the crown. We made flowers and used ribbon to trim the hats.

Many times paint or calcimine was not available, and we used a solution of lime and water, called "white wash". This was used to put a nice white coating on the walls. This solution was

Moneta Johnson
b. 29 Jan 1882
d. 17 May 1965

William Derby Johnson, Jr.
b. 2 May 1850
d. 17 Oct 1923

Charlesetta Prescott Cram
b. 10 Feb 1861
d. 14 Feb 1917

William Derby Johnson, Sr.
b. 27 Oct 1824
d. 13 Apr 1896

Jane Cadwallader Brown
b. 5 Jun 1832
d. 19 Jan 1908

Charles Sanborn Cram
b. 10 Sep 1828
d. 10 Nov 1904

Eliza Jane Prescott
b. 16 May 1826
d. 10 Aug 1881

used inside the house as well as outside, and was done in the spring, at house cleaning time. Molasses was made from cane juice, cooked to the proper consistency, in large vats with a fire underneath. After the molasses was all made for the season, the last vat of cane juice was made into candy, and every one in town was invited and there was one big molasses candy pulling party. That was really fun. Another thing we used to do was to have corn husking bees when the corn was ready to shuck in the fall. A crowd of young people would be invited to shuck the corn, and there was fun and much enjoyment seeing who could get the most ears of corn shucked. After the shucking was all done, refreshments were served and games played. Games such as "run sheep run", "pomp pomp pull away", "hide and go seek".

My granddaughters may smile at this, but when I was a little girl, it was most unbecoming to

get sun tanned. We had to wear sunbonnets whenever we went out in the sun, and they were always tied under our chins. If we ever went out to play in the sun without our bonnets on, our punishment was to have them sewed securely to our hair. And if we had short sleeves in our dress, we had to wear old stocking legs on our arms. (Wilma and Kathe can remember having to do this, when they were little, too.) If we did get tanned, we had to wash our face and hands in buttermilk and soak our hands in bran mash, because it was not considered ladylike to have a tanned face and hands. Nor was I permitted to whistle or climb a fence; "little ladies" did not do such things.

I started to take music lessons from Sister Libby Beck, [*wife of Erastus Beck*] when I was ten years old, and was the organist in Mutual, Primary and Sunday School when I was twelve years old. My friends were always three and four years older than I was.

[*Editors Note: Although Moneta mentions her brother, Willie (William Derby Johnson, III), only on the first page of her journal, he was a very loved member of the family. He was her father's first child and the only child of his first wife, Lucy Salisbury Johnson. Lucy died before the move to Mexico, and Willie (15), Moneta (3) and Domer, traveling with Moneta's mother, Charlesetta, joined William Derby Johnson, Jr. there in December 1885.*

Family of Charlesetta Cram and William Derby Johnson, Jr.

Colonia Diaz, Mexico 1895.

Top row, standing: Otho, Clare, Lue, Charlesetta
Middle row, seated: Moneta, William Derby, Jr., Winnie
Front row: Roy and Beryl

William Derby Johnson, Sr. and wife, Jane Cadwallader Brown.

Plural families of William Derby Johnson, Jr. – Colonia Diaz, Mexico 1895.

Back row: Jenny, wife Mary, wife Charlesetta, Zeno, Clare and Lue
Second row: Ruthie, Domer, William Derby, Jr., holding Roy and
Persis, wife Lucy holding Ivy, Moneta and Winnie
Front row: Beryl, Viva, Otho, Abia

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 446.)

Willie was home for the summer of 1892 after attending Brigham Young Academy for two years and he planned to serve a mission in the coming fall. Tragically, shortly before his 22nd birthday, he was bitten by a rabid coyote and he died on 8 July 1892 – a great tragedy for the Johnson family and for the town of Diaz. There is a vivid description of the accident in Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz.]

[*At the close of a day's riding on the range, near Espia (15 miles from Diaz) Willie and his two friends, Erastus and James Jacobson, bunked together, with Willie sleeping in the middle. In the night the Jacobson boys awakened to find Willie struggling with a coyote who had bitten him on the cheek. The boys had to break the animal's jaws to free their friend. Immediately they saddled up and rode home, where they arrived about 2:20 a.m. of June 3, 1892. They swabbed the wound with ammonia, etc., administered whiskey and did everything they knew to help the boy.*

... The town was paralyzed with apprehension, but hopes revived as Willie improved enough to again ride the range for cattle. He enjoyed himself so much at the July 4th party that all felt the

danger was past. Thinking that his son was all right, the Bishop made a business trip to Deming, NM . . . But the disease, which had not been sleeping, struck suddenly (July 7th) with fury and pain. Pps. 177, 178.]

[*William Derby described the tragedy in a letter dated August 3, 1892 to J. H. Martineau: Willie passed away on Friday evening July 8th, before my arrival on the afternoon of the 9th (from Deming). It has been a sad blow to me and almost more than I can bear, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that God shewed his kindness and mercy in his behalf and took him away with very little suffering, in answer to the prayers of the Brethren, and it was a great testimony to all who witnessed the power manifested in his behalf. He was allowed to go peacefully to sleep as soon as a prayer was offered for his release. A thing unheard of before in cases of that kind. He died in full faith in the hereafter and asked to be allowed to go quietly and fully realized his time had come to leave us.*]

William Derby Johnson, Sr. and sons.

Standing: Abia Ezekiel and Joseph Hills
Seated: Elmer Wood, William Derby, Sr. and William Derby Jr.

Papa Comes To Mexico

[*In writing her memoirs, Moneta refers to Charles Richard Fillerup as "Papa; her name for him beginning on their first Christmas Eve, 1896.*]

In July 1896, my father went to Provo, Utah to confer with Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Superintendent of Church Schools, about getting a principal for the Colonia Diaz Academy. Dr. Maeser said that Charles Richard Fillerup [*18WW-79*] was the man he wanted to be the principal, but as he had

The Family of Anders Peder and Caroline Rasmussen Fillerup

Back row: Caroline Rasmine, Charles Richard, Andrew Peter, Erastus Kruse (E. K.), and Amelia Pedernelle
Front row: Rosina Elnora, Sophus Alexander, Anders Peder, Zenos Kimberly (twin, in back), Albert Frederick (twin, in front), Caroline
Provo, Utah in the early 1890's.

already been called on a mission to Canada, it was necessary to confer with the First Presidency in Salt Lake City. This he did, and Charles Fillerup's mission was changed from Canada to Mexico, to teach school and be the principal of the Colonia Diaz Academy. Papa was not pleased that his mission had been changed from Canada to Mexico, but accepted the call, of course. He left Provo, Utah for Mexico in September 1896. Later Papa said he was thankful he had been sent to Mexico; otherwise, we probably would never have met. Fortunate for all of us, wasn't it, that Papa came to Mexico!

My father met Papa in El Paso, Texas and brought him to Colonia Diaz, to Aunt Lucy's house where he was to stay. [*Lucy Elizabeth Brown, 178V-3F, was William Derby Johnson's second wife*]. I first met him the afternoon he arrived. Papa was from Provo, Utah. He graduated from the Brigham Young Academy in May, 1895, and was a member of the faculty for the school year 1895-1896. He taught chemistry and physics. He also had been a teaching assistant in his senior year. When I met him that first afternoon, I thought him a very handsome young man, and later Papa told me he fell in love with me the day we first met.

The very next night, Papa took me to the dance. You can imagine how happy I was to be escorted to the dance by the new principal of the Academy. I was the youngest one in all my school classes, and many comments were made about Brother Fillerup going with such a young girl, when there were so many older girls who would have been delighted to go with him. Even my grandmother Johnson [*Jane Cadwallader Brown Johnson, 1F20-TF, only wife of William Derby Johnson, Sr., 1F20-S8*] thought an older girl would be more suitable for Papa, but he did not go with any girl except me after he came to Colonia Diaz. Many times we took Louisa Hansen, my best girl friend, to the dances with us. I loved Louisa so much, we were together most of the time.

Papa was my teacher in several subjects in school. During the winter of 1896-1897, we sang many duets together. Some of our favorites were, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother", "Tell Me One Thing, Tell Me Truly", "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight", "I've Grown So Used to You", "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes". Papa had a nice voice.

On New Year's Eve, the Academy had a Masquerade Ball. Papa and I dressed as George and Martha Washington, and led the Grand March. How proud I was that the Principal was my escort. What a glorious time we had. After the dance, Papa gave me a pair of brown silk gloves, his first gift to me.

On my fifteenth birthday, January 29, 1897, my mother had a birthday party for me. Papa said I looked and acted eighteen. That night after the party, he told me he loved me the first time he saw me. He gave me a silk scarf for my birthday. I wore my first long dress that night; it was a yellow flowered voile, just skipping the floor. It was thrilling to wear a long dress and of course, with a long dress, one always wore a bustle. My mother cried when I went in to show her my dress, saying "You are a young lady now, not my little girl any more." But my father smiled when he saw me and remarked, "What a beautiful young lady you are." I often wondered why my mother cried and my father seemed happy to see me as a young lady. As my own daughters matured, I realized what made my mother cry. So it is, that my fifteenth birthday is indelible in my mind. The door was now open to young womanhood.

I was made the organist of the Ward Choir in February 1897. On Easter of that year, about thirty of us went on an outing to Ojo Frederico, a large warm spring, surrounded by many trees, located about fifteen miles from Colonia Diaz. It was a beautiful place, and ideal for an outing, and we always stayed over night. Swimming in the warm spring was always enjoyed. Papa

tried to teach me to swim. In the evening, a big fire was made, and after supper, games were played. Singing and story telling was always part of the fun. Papa really enjoyed the outing, saying it was unlike any he had ever been on.

One of Mexico's National holidays is Cinco de Mayo (fifth of May) [*commemorating a victory over the French under Napoleon III in 1862*]. Usually the celebration was held at The Grove, a grove of very large cottonwood trees and black willow trees, about eight miles from town. Everyone would meet at the School House, early in the morning, and drive in a procession to The Grove. There was always a Marshall of the day, on horseback, and the band always led the procession. The program was presented at 10 o'clock, and the Queen of the May was chosen by popular vote.

The Maypole was braided by twelve couples, while the band played. It was an honor to be chosen to braid the Maypole. At noon, table-cloths were spread under the trees, where families and friends gathered to enjoy dinner. The afternoon was spent in playing games and having contests, such as foot races, gunny sack races, climbing a greased pole, catching a greased pig. Swings and teeters were made for the children, and whistles were made from short lengths of black willow. Every year we looked forward to this day, for it was one of the happiest days of the year.

[*In 1895, the celebration was held on May 2nd commemorating Bishop Johnson's (45th) birthday. Early in the morning the band called the people to the lineup of vehicles in front of the church to be conducted to the grove by a mounted Marshal-of-the-day. Phoebe Lemmon supervised the crowning of the queen, Louisa Hansen, but this time she added a king, Jesse Richins, which added greatly to the color and pageantry of the occasion as they presided over the events of the day. Many envied the twelve couples delegated to braid the Maypole. Gracefully they danced to the music of the band as they wove the streamers over and under to sheath the pole in beautiful red, white and green (colors of the Mexican flag). After an interesting program of song, music and speeches, highlighted by the oration of the day, tablecloths were spread over tarps or quilts and families and friends banqueted together.*

The afternoon was spent at playing games such as ball for both old and young, pitching horseshoes, jumping rope, singing, circle games and contest games and swings. Children enjoyed the small swings, but young people enjoyed the long, high ones. When a lady sat in the swing her skirts were tied around her ankles with a string or a man's handkerchief, for the sake of modesty. To propel the swing, two fellows, each holding opposite ends of a rope, stood on either side of the swing to flip the center of the rope over her lap as she descended and at the right moment, to give the rope a pull to send her swinging higher and higher. Mischievous boys might ignore her cries of "enough" and keep sending her into the high branches of the tree until she called, "I swallow!" When the fellows swung they often stood facing each other in the swing, working themselves to a height almost as great as that of the girls. ... After the grove of trees planted on the school grounds provided shade, the fifth of May celebration was held in town. p. 280].

In August 1897, Aunt Lucy [*Lucy Elizabeth Brown Johnson*], Zeno [*her oldest son*], Lue [*Lucy Annie Johnson, 18WX-68*] and Jennie [*Jane Cadwallader Johonson daughter of Lucy Elizabeth Brown and WDJ, Jr.*] and I

went to El Paso, Texas with my father. Papa and Brother and Sister Whiting (Charles and Verona [*Snow*]) and their daughters, Alice and May, were with us. There was no railroad into Colonia Diaz, the nearest one being at Guzman, a distance of about forty miles. We made the trip to Guzman in wagons, leaving them there until we returned from El Paso. It was a two-day trip by wagon, so we had to camp out one night. As young people, we always had lots of fun on such trips. When we camped, a big fire was made, and after we had our supper, there was always singing and story telling around the fire. The spring seats from the wagons were used to sit on. Our beds were made on the ground.

During the night there was a cloudburst, and our beds got soaking wet, so we had to sit in the wagons until daylight. After the rain stopped, we made a fire to dry the bedclothes and prepare breakfast. At Guzman, we boarded the train for Ciudad Juarez, which is just across the Rio Grande River from El Paso. The International Bridge is the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and we crossed the bridge to go into El Paso. We spent five days there, shopping and sight seeing. Sight seeing in Ciudad Juarez was especially enjoyed by Papa, and it was here that we had to go through the Custom House. The officers always questioning us, and examining all of our luggage for any goods or articles upon which duty must be paid. I recall so many amusing incidents which occurred while going through the Custom House. Papa was particularly interested in this Mexican city. He bought some Mexican blankets, serapes, jewelry and other Mexican curios to send to members of his family in Utah. He bought a Mexican hat and wore it; he looked so funny, but had his picture taken to send to his family. Zeno, Alice and I helped him take his purchases through Customs, wearing whatever was wearable, and sitting on the serape and blankets. My father spoke Spanish and always talked and joked with the officials so the duty was not excessive. Many times the duty imposed would be more than the original cost of the article. We always gave a sigh of relief when it was over. Papa really had a wonderful time and thought that it was quite an experience.

We took the train back to Guzman, then by wagon started home. When we arrived at the Galeana River, it was flooded so we had to camp there for three days, until the water was low enough for us to cross. We arrived home in the late afternoon of the third day. We had been away from home for twelve days.

During the summer of 1897, Papa worked at one of the sawmills in the Sierra Madre Mountains near Pacheco. He grew a mustache this summer, and never shaved it off. He always wore it in the same style.

Mexico's National Independence Day is Diez y seis de Septiembre (l6th of September). There was always a parade with colorful floats and the Marshall of the Day led the parade, with the flag bearer, followed by the town band. Many of the young people rode horses in the parade, and wore beautiful Mexican costumes of brilliant colored silks, velvets and cottons. The men wore Mexican hats and the ladies wore lace mantillas on their heads. Mine was a pink one. The ladies who rode horses, rode side saddle, and their flowing skirts and mantillas made a beautiful sight. Papa and I rode horses, with the other young people in the parade on the sixteenth of September, 1897. This was the first time Papa had ever ridden in a parade, and under the Mexican flag. He joined in the singing of the "Himno Nacional", the Mexican National Anthem, while the band played. For several weeks before this I had helped him to learn the words and melody.

[*Having adopted Mexico as their native land, the Colonists also adopted her national fiestas (holidays). Diez y seis*

Main Street of Colonia Diaz.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 277.)

de Septiembre (16th of September), her Independence Day, celebrated the beginning of her revolt against Spain. Often their patriotic fervor led the Diazistes to add a south of the border flair to their holiday and to share their parade with their native friends at La Ascencion. As usual, the celebration began and ended on a patriotic note. Viva Mexico, boomed the colony band as the red, white and green Mexican flag inched its way up the flag pole atop the church pinnacle to float free in the breeze, with its noble eagle catching the first rays of the sun. In the parade that followed Viva Mexico was symbolized by a party of mounted, Mexican-hatted Mormon men each representing a Mexican state, riding proudly beside a lady portraying his capitol. Feminine-like, she rode sidesaddle, allowing her long, colorful native costume of velvet, silk or cotton to flow free and full to the stirrup and back over the rump of her mount. Black or matching lace mantillas, worn over the head, added elegance and accentuated their pale faces, contrasting them sharply with the olive skin of the native friends. Bishop Johnson, charro-costumed and carrying a large Mexican flag, represented the nation's capitol. He pranced his great white horse before his states as he led them to head the entire parade.

The queen, Miss Ruthie Johnson [*daughter of Mary Agnes Riggs and WDJ, Jr.*]*, beautiful in white dress and crown and seated between two attendants costumed one in red, the other in green, resembled a Mexican flag accentuated against the black of the fringed-topped buggy in which they rode. With the coachman and prancing horses tasseled in the same colors and the band following closely behind, her cortege was second to none in interest and beauty.*

Floats, pridefully displaying industries, businesses and achievements of the town also used national colors in costumes, flags, bunting and streamers as a means of expressing gratitude to the land of their adoption. The Union Mercantile float with many bolts of cloth partly unwound and passing over a raised rod to form a colorful ridgepole tent created many a desire for a new dress. Parley Johnson's [*19TS-GX, Mary Evalean's father*] *shoe-shop display, which won a second prize of five dollars, showed the process of manufacture from leather to the finished project. First prize, $10.00, went to Peter Mortensen for his*

clever, Produce Exchange (peddling) float. Everyone felt involved in that – in fact each could almost identify his own garden and orchard projects in the display. Jess Rowley and his brother James [*Mary Evalean Johnson's uncles*] *put skill into their blacksmith float as they sharpened plowshares, reset wagon tires, or clanged the anvil as they shaped red-hot iron into usable form. The Norton float, after taking broom-corn through all the processes of broom manufacture, displayed fine finished brooms in several different sizes and grades. A cooperative float, in which several farmers displayed choice products, looked like a farm harvest on wheels with corn, squash, grain, molasses and honey. There was a Relief Society float depicting a work meeting in which women pieced quilts; carded wool; spun yarn; made rugs; braided hats; drafted patterns and sewed clothes. The tannery and harness shop displayed their trade and a dairy float was made attractive with two dairy maids and a dasher churn surrounded with crocks of butter and pyramids of cheese. A large group of Mormon caballeros, each wearing a sash of red, white and green and a band on their sombreros, followed the gaily decorated family vehicles to terminate the parade.*

At La Ascencion, the Jefe (sheriff) rode beside Bishop Johnson to lead the parade through the streets and around to the plaza filled with people ready for a fiesta. The band was invited into the bandstand where they played the Mexican National Anthem and other pieces. ... Alice Whiting sang a verse or two of the Himno Nacional (national anthem) and the crowd finished off with the rousing chorus. After many an abrazo (hug and patting the shoulder) and vigorous Vivan Los Mormones, the parade returned home to an afternoon of games and races. The day finished off with a dance in the evening. pps 278-279]

In October 1897, Zeno and I went with my father to Colonia Juarez to attend Stake Conference. Papa and William Galbraith and his wife, and their daughter, Jane were with us. Brother Galbraith owned a mail coach, which he had brought from Utah, so we traveled in real style. Colonia Juarez was about seventy-five miles from Colonia Diaz, and required three days travel, so it meant camping out two nights. All who went to Conference usually traveled together, camping at designated camping places. The first night, at the bend of the Galeana River; the second night at Janos, a ranch where we could get water. Stake Conferences were held alternately at Colonia

Sies de Septiembre celebration parade.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 277.)

Juarez and Colonia Diaz. At this particular time, there were twenty-five wagons in the company, and at night the usual camp fires, supper and singing and talking went on. Conference time was always a time to look forward to.

One of the things we enjoyed most of all, was going to choir practice every Thursday night. Sullivan Richardson was the choir leader and I was the organist. Members of the choir used to have picnics and parties and go on hayrides. The activities of the ward choir were some of the best and happy times we had as young people and will long be remembered.

In September, 1897, Papa's younger brother, Erastus [*Kruse Fillerup 18WW-Z3*] came to Colonia Diaz to teach in the Academy. [*Erastus Kruse, also from Lakeview, Utah and a graduate of Brigham Young College, came in answer to a call from the church to teach in the Diaz Academy until called elsewhere. In order to distinguish him from the principal, the people called him "Brother Erastus". p. 220*]. He was my teacher in four classes. Papa, Erastus and I sang a great deal, usually in trios. Erastus was a fine musician and played the violin and cornet, and I always accompanied him on the organ. We had many good times together that winter. In December Erastus was appointed choir leader; I was still the organist. What wonderfully happy times the group had – these memories are very dear to me.

January 29, 1898 was my sixteenth birthday. My girl friend, Louisa Hansen, gave a surprise party for me at her home. We had a marvelous time. That birthday party portrays a radiant happiness and a special feeling for me, for on our return home from the party, Papa asked me to marry him. I was completely surprised, for I had no intention of marrying at this time. Emphatically I said, "No! I should say not!" Papa asked me not to give him my answer, but to wait for a few weeks because he would not accept my answer now anyway. So I promised him that I would think it over, but assured him that I was sure my answer would still be no.

But at the end of two weeks, I had decided that I loved Papa and would marry him. We tried to keep our engagement a secret, because we knew that embarrassing situations would arise at school, and it did. Once a month the girls in the upper classes were assembled and different ones were assigned to give talks on various subjects. The first part of January, I was asked to talk to the girls about proper conduct with young men. I made the statement that no young lady should allow a young man to kiss her, or even put his arm around her waist. One of the girls said, "Haven't you ever been kissed or had a boy's arm around your waist?" "No", I answered and it was the truth. Then I went on to say, "When you see a young man's arm around my waist, you will know that I am engaged to that young man."

Imagine my embarrassment when, a few weeks later, Papa and I were going home from choir practice, and it was a brilliant moonlight night, and of course Papa had his arm around my waist. We heard some girls laughing and Allie Acord, one of the girls who heard my talk about conduct with young men, called out loudly, "Look girls, Moneta and Brother Fillerup are engaged to be married!" And that was the end of the secret. But the months that followed were so blissfully happy, and everything was so perfect.

Our Marriage

We were to be married on the first day of June in the Salt Lake Temple. I graduated from the Academy in May. A week before we left for Salt Lake City, Utah, Papa brought his big trunk over to my mother's home so that I could pack some of my clothes in it. I recall how thrilled I was to have Papa's trunk in my room. What happiness and joy we had in planning our trip, our marriage and our honeymoon. Verona Whiting (we always called her Aunt Verona) made three dresses and my wedding dress. One dress was made of black alpaca, had a boned and fitted waist, with a flared skirt and leg o'mutton sleeves; the dress was trimmed with black silk braid. Another dress was a cashmere, ashes of roses color, trimmed with silk to match and cream-colored silk lace on the collar and each side of the waist in front. The sleeves were fitted up to above the elbow and the puffed upper sleeves were of silk, and

Moneta at 16 years.

Charles at about 22 years.

Charles Richard Fillerup and Moneta Johnson

Married June 1, 1898 in the Salt Lake Temple.

the front of the waist and collar were of silk. My wedding dress was made of all over silk embroidery. The skirt was full pleated, with a tight fitted bodice, a high collar edged with lace, and full bishop sleeves, with narrow cuffs edged with lace. I had white satin slippers to wear with it.

We left Colonia Diaz on the twenty-third of May. My father and brother Zeno were with us. Zeno had been called on a mission to the Southern States. When we arrived in Salt Lake City, Papa went to his home in Lakeview (near Provo) and my father, Zeno and I stayed with Aunt Mattie Ashton (a sister of my father's wife, Lulu [*Lucy Annie Salisbury 1QWH-1K*], who had died before we went to Mexico). Papa came back to Salt Lake City and stayed with his sister, Caroline [*Rasmine Fillerup*] Kimball [*18WW-VK*]. The night before we were married, my father, Papa and I went to a lecture given by Senator King – Papa slept all through the lecture. My father bought me a hat and coat that day; my hat was a black horse hair braid, completely covered with small pink rose buds. When Papa saw me wear it for the first time, he said, "There could not be a more beautiful picture!" Papa always liked that hat so very much, and I wore it till it was really worn out.

Our wedding day was June first, 1898. Grandma Salisbury (Aunt Lulu's mother) was a worker in the temple and she was with me; also, Papa's sister, Caroline, my father, Zeno and several cousins. John A. Widtsoe (who later was made an apostle) and Leah Dunford were married that day, too, and were in the temple with us. We were married by John R. Winder. Caroline and her husband, Soloman [*Farnham*] Kimball [*1FZD-94*], honored us with a wedding dinner.

Zeno left for his mission the next day. After seeing him off on the train, we went to Cousin Charles Johnson's photographic studio and had our wedding pictures taken. The next day Papa and I and my father went to Lakeview, where I first met Papa's parents and his brothers and sisters, Amelia [*Pedernelle Hutchings 18WW-WQ*] and Nora [*Rosina Eleanora Andrea Park 2XDJ-W3*]. On June third, Grandma [*Caroline Rasmussen*] Fillerup had a family dinner for us. Her sister Andrea [*Rasmussen 322Q-8T*] McLaughlin (always called Auntie

Anders Peder Fillerup

Caroline Rasmussen

McLaughlin) made our wedding cake – she was a professional cake maker. The cake was in five layers and beautifully decorated. We took the three top layers back to Mexico with us so members of the family there could have a piece as well as our close friends. The top layer we saved until Wilma and Kathe were old enough to eat cake.

My father stayed for two days, then returned to Salt Lake City. We stayed ten days with Papa's family, going over to Springville to visit his sister Amelia and her husband, Silas Hutchings [*1B8F41*]. We went fishing and boat riding on Utah Lake. We were invited to so many places and had such a happy time. I had no idea that anyone could be as gay and carefree as we were. We returned to Salt Lake City on the fourteenth and stayed with Caroline and Sol. We spent three days working in the temple and visiting relatives and friends.

Our wedding gift from my father was our honeymoon trip; my father went with us. We left Salt Lake City on the twenty-second of June, going to Portland, Oregon. By steamer, we went down the Willamette and Columbia Rivers sightseeing for two days. What scenic wonders and such beautiful country, I had never seen before. We went up to Seattle, Washington, then returned to Portland and left by steamer for San Francisco, California. I was really sea sick, and so was Papa, but my father seemed not to be bothered at all. As honeymooners, we were the center of attention and the Captain honored us by inviting us to dine at his table. There were concerts in the evening, held on deck in the moonlight, and listening to music aboard ship seemed far more beautiful than I'd heard on land. My father sang "0 My Father" at one of the concerts; he had a fine baritone voice.

I felt supremely happy with my husband and my father near me and not a care in all the world. There could not have been a more contented, happy person. We passed through the Golden Gate at sunrise on the morning of July third. What a gorgeous view! It was during the Spanish-American War, and Admiral [*George*] Dewey was the hero of the hour [*the Battle of Manila*]. Every where there were signs, "FORGET YOUR TROUBLES AND REMEMBER THE MAINE". [*U.S. battleship, sunk in Havana harbor on 15 February 1898, after a mysterious explosion, with loss of life of 260*]. We stayed at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. The city was gaily decorated for the Fourth of July celebration. We stayed in San Francisco for seventeen days. We spent time in the Golden Gate Park, at Seal Beach and went across the Bay to Oakland. We attended the opera, stage plays and concerts. We visited Chinatown, too, and I am sure that we must have seen everything of interest.

From San Francisco, we went to Los Angeles, visiting places of interest and having a perfectly marvelous time. We left Los Angeles on the twenty-fifth of July, going by train to El Paso, Texas. We stayed there a few days to do some shopping and my father had some business to attend to. From El Paso we went directly home to Colonia Diaz, Mexico, on the second day of August, after more than two months away from home – two months of complete happiness.

Our First Home

We rented a two-room house and while it was being white washed and cleaned, we lived with my mother. My parents gave us a bed, springs and mattress, two quilts and two pillows. Aunt Lucy [*Lucy Elizabeth Brown Johnson, second wife*] gave us a chest of drawers; Aunt Mary [*Mary Agnes Riggs, 18K3-FO, fourth wife*] gave us two chairs. Grandma Johnson [*Jane Cadwallader Brown Johnson*] gave us a rocking chair and small table. Aunt Lucy let us use a stove of her's, and Papa made a wash bench and a dish cupboard. My father also gave us two cows, two heifer calves and two mares with colts. We received many gifts from our relatives and friends. We considered ourselves well fixed, and thought we had all we needed to make a supremely happy married life.

The latter part of August 1898, we went to Colonia Juarez to attend the Teachers' Convention. My father let us take his buggy and team for the trip. Kim Lemmon and Erastus went with us. We always had a fine time in Colonia Juarez. In September, I was made First Counselor to Sister Nancy Harvey, President of the Primary Association.

On November eleventh, Papa's [*25th*] birthday, I did my first entertaining in our own home. I worked for days in preparation for this first birthday party for Papa. He was delighted. The guests brought gifts, and I made favors for each one of them. I served sandwiches and hot chocolate, individual cream pies and the birthday cake which was a three-layer coconut cream cake. At each birthday thereafter, I baked Papa a coconut cream cake, with the exception of 1904 when I was very ill. My mother made one for Papa, so he had his coconut cream cake, as always. I shall never forget the appreciation Papa always felt as we honored him on his birthday.

In December, we moved to a larger and more comfortable house, three rooms and a porch and just one block from my mother's home [*lot 54 NW/4*]. My sister Beatrice (we called her Bee) [*18WX-C4, 9th of the 12 children born to Charlesetta and WDJ, Jr.*] was with me a great deal of the time. She was two years old and liked to come and stay with us.

I adored her; she was a beautiful sweet little girl with large brown eyes and long, dark brown curly hair. It was in December, also, that I was set apart as President of the Primary Association in the Diaz Ward.

Our first Christmas together was a memorable one. There was a fireplace in our house, and we hung up two stockings on the mantel. Papa asked me if he could call me "Mama" and he hoped that I would call him "Papa". After that

Christmas Eve, 1898, we were always "Papa" and "Mama" to one another. The terms of endearment indicated something *very special* to Papa and to me – enduring love and devotion. Papa said that to him, "Mama" signified the most hallowed and beautiful word and the name, "Papa" means the same thing to me.

On my [*17th*] birthday, January twenty-ninth, 1899, my mother gave a birthday supper for me. The M.I.A. presented the play, "Ben Bolt" and Erastus took the leading man's part; I was the leading lady. The practices were always fun and the play went off very well.

[*Neither isolation, hard work nor penury dampened the zeal with which the Diazistes sought after culture, especially the drama. ... Diaz was fortunate in having professional actors and others with experience and much talent among her citizenry. Elmer W. Johnson, Sr. had organized a troupe of players in Salt Lake and put on plays in several different wards, road show fashion. Verona Snow Whiting had played opposite her father professionally. A home dramatic association was effected with Elmer W. Johnson as director and manager. He said, "We planned on having a dance or a play every Friday night." The problem of the church stage shrinking before the increasing needs of both the school and the dramatic association was solved by converting a large tin factory nearby into an opera hall. This served until the exodus. pps. 270-71.*]

[*The Ward dreamed up a beautification plan featuring a $250 white picket fence around the school property and a grove of trees in its patio. The school Principal (CRF), put in charge of building the fence, felt equal to utilizing the $126.65 cash donation and the $66.28 worth of materials, but he looked askance at the $57.07 worth of produce. How could butter, eggs and garden stuff serve in building a picket fence? His young wife, Moneta, native of the town, smiled as she suggested taking it to the store in exchange for nails. In due time the completed fence stood like a white necklace of civic pride. ... After two or three years, as soon as the trees in the grove provided shade, all ward outings, including May Day, were celebrated in the school grove. pps. 220,222*].

[*Not only did the schoolhouse and grounds expand, but so did the school curriculum. In 1899, to organize a school band, Brother Erastus had to be both a musician and a magician. He easily proved himself the former, for he played both the violin and the coronet. To prove himself the latter, he pulled instruments out of attics, and triangles from blacksmith shops. With improvised drumsticks and a new stretch, he put vibration back into a snare drum. The proceeds from a ward dance and school play were used to purchase band instruments from a firm in El Paso, Texas. When the tuba, bass and snare drums and other instruments purchased there arrived, music broke out all over town. All patriotic celebrations began with a sunrise serenade and band music led the parades. pps. 221, 268-7*].

[*Erastus Kruse Fillerup, as school instructor and music director, spiked the organization of both a ward and a school band. Under his enthusiasm and that of his assistant director, I.W. Pierce, Jr., so many people wanted to join that the few available instruments were circulated for practice periods. p. 221*].

[*The history of Colonia Diaz' organized singing began on the hegira to Mexico*

Moneta and Charles Fillerup with first child

Wilma Caroline Fillerup, 1900.

when they elected Sullivan Calvin Richardson as chorister to select and direct the songs for religious worship each evening. An organized choir soon followed the Ward organization. In fact, an entry in Bishop Johnson's journal sets practice time for both a Sunday School and a Ward Choir. ... In April 1890, the choirs received permanent assets in the form of an organ and a church bell. History does not record who pulled the rope which set the first silver tones of the bell vibrating, or who first fingered the organ keys, but time registered twenty-two years in which both instruments enhanced town joys and mellowed its sorrows. ... Elbert Wilson was the first recorded bellringer. p. 264.]

[*String instruments were popular, especially after the ladies collected all the instruments they could play and organized what they called the Stellar Band. They began with one organ, seven harmonicas, one banjo, one mandolin, three guitars, and one snare drum. What they lacked in instruments they made up for in talent, popularity, starstudded costumes and enjoyment. (p. 267).*]

On our first wedding anniversary, June first [*1899*], we took a trip to El Paso, Texas by way of Cuidad Juarez. It was most enjoyable. Papa gave me a pink silk mantilla and I gave him a white silk Mexican shirt.

The latter part of June, Papa accompanied three other men, visiting Sunday Schools in the Juarez Stake. He was away two weeks and I stayed with my mother, but how I did miss Papa. My little sister, Bee, would put her arms around my neck and say, "Don't cry! I am here with you."

The Stellar Band.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, p. 268)

William Derby Johnson, Jr.

Charlesetta Prescott Cram Johnson

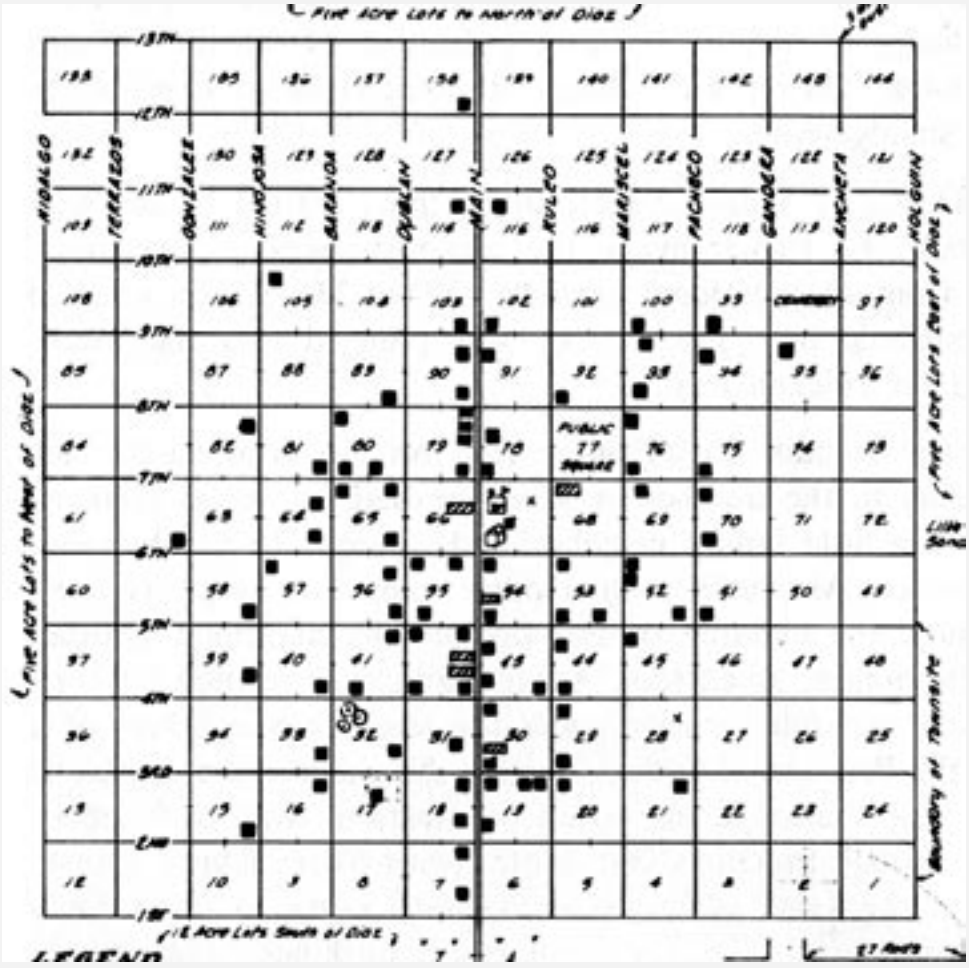
Marking the last day of the 19th Century, December 31, 1899, everyone joined in the celebration. The young people had a Character-Costume Ball. There were parties and suppers after the dance, bon fires were built, bells were ringing, and everyone joined in the fun. We did not go to bed until the sun came up.

[*Since the world had not seen the turn of a Century for one hundred years and would wait that same interminable time for another, the 124 families comprising Colonia Diaz planned an all-night celebration. p. 223*]

[*By sunrise the revelers were ready to terminate a wonderful New Year's celebration which had been accomplished without profanity, immorality or intoxicants. p. 223 from WDJ, Jr. diary.*]

On the eighth day of March, 1900, our first baby was born, a daughter. Words cannot express our joy and happiness. Our little daughter was my parents' first grandchild. We gave my father the honor of naming her. He chose the name, Wilma Caroline [*3KM6-Z2*], for himself and Grandma Fillerup [*Caroline Rasmussen*] and he named and blessed her when she was eight days old.

The Johnson family at William Derby Johnson, Jr.'s 50th Birthday celebration, May 1, 1900.



Plat of the town of Colonia Diaz.

(Scanned from page 67, Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz.)

The first houses were built of adobe bricks, made from the soil, straw and water and dried in the sun. The houses were built facing the street, with flower and tree-filled large front yards. Corrals and stock animals were housed in the center of the block at the adjoining four corners and were connected with the street by fenced lanes. As the town flourished, nice brick homes with gabled roofs were built by some of the more prosperous residents. A few of the lots that might be of interest to our family members are listed below:

Moneta and Charles Fillerup	78 NW/4
Moneta's paternal grandparents,	
William Derby Johnson, Sr., and Jane Cadwallader	78 SW/4
Moneta's father and mother, William Derby Johnson, Jr.	
and Charlesetta Cram (3rd wife)	54 NW/4
Moneta's father and his 2nd wife, Lucy Brown	55 NE/4
Moneta's father and his 4th wife, Mary Riggs	55 NW/4
The chapel and school house	67 NW/4

On our second wedding anniversary, we bought a lot, half of a block, [*78 NW/4*] and made arrangements to have a house built. That summer and fall we planted trees, flowers and shrubs. We had alfalfa planted in the lower part of our lot. My grandmother Johnson [*W.D. Johnson, Sr. and Jane Cadwallader Brown Johnson*] owned the south half of the block [*78 SW/4*] and we owned the north half.

On the eighth of June 1900, a total eclipse of the sun occurred at ten o'clock in the morning. The chickens all went to roost and it was as dark as the darkest night.

Our Christmas of 1900 was a very happy one. We hung three stockings by the fireplace. On Christmas Eve, all of my father's family gathered at Aunt Lucy's home. There were gifts for everyone distributed by Santa Claus (one of the boys would wear the family Santa Claus suit). The evening was spent in singing and visiting. On Christmas Day we met again at Aunt Lucy's house for Christmas dinner. I cannot remember a Christmas Day when we were not all together until we left Mexico. How very dear those joyous Christmas memories are to all of our family.

When Wilma was one year old, [*March 8, 1901*] I had a birthday party for her. Bee wanted the party, so I invited twelve children of her age.

We Move Into Our New Home

The latter part of March 1901, we moved into our new home. A few days later, many friends and relatives came over for a "house warming" bringing cakes, pies and sandwiches for refreshments. We received many useful gifts for our new home.

On the twenty-second of July 1901, another baby girl was born to us and we named her Kathe [*57DZ-G9*]. Papa wanted to call her Kathe Moneta, but I persuaded him to name her only Kathe. However, Papa never failed to remind me, and Kathe too, that her name was to have been Kathe Moneta and that Mama insisted otherwise.

Papa's mother [*Caroline Rasmussen*] died on the 18th of October, 1901 [*at the age of 59*] in Provo, Utah. Her death was the first to break the Fillerup family circle. Her death cast a shadow on our lives. She was a noble, lovely person, filled with the spirit of the Gospel. She and her sister, Andrea and their brother, Peter, [*Jens Peter Kruse Rasmussen 1ZWK-XH*] were the only members of their family who joined the Church in Denmark. They left their family, relatives and friends and came to Utah in 1867. [*Caroline was 25, Andrea, 22 and Peter was only 9 at the time*.] Grandpa Fillerup [*Anders Peter Fillerup*] was the only member of his family to join the Church in Denmark. He and Grandma left Denmark at the same time and they were married aboard ship on their way to the United States [*on 30 June 1867 aboard the Steamer, "Manhattan", on the Atlantic Ocean*]. We have often wondered about the details of their romance, but will probably never know the story.

In November 1901, Papa bought me an organ and I began giving music lessons. Esther Peterson, a nice little girl, twelve years old, cared for Wilma and Kathe on music lesson days. I had a birthday dinner for Papa [*28th*] that year [*November 11, 1901*] and invited the members of the school faculty. I made Papa's favorite birthday cake again this year; Papa was very pleased about it. His birthdays were special days in our home.

[*On November 19, 1901, Charles Richard Fillerup married his second wife in Colonia Diaz. Mary Evalean Johnson (Eva), (4585-K2) was the daughter (oldest of twelve children) of James Parley Johnson, (19TS-GX) and Eliza Jane Rowley (1C28-K1). She writes: "At*

the age of seventeen, I was married to Charles R. Fillerup as his second wife, ceremony being performed by C.F. McDonald, 1901 at Diaz, Mexico. Soon after this I was sustained as 2nd Counselor in the Ward Primary and held this position until we were driven from Mexico". p.2. "Personal History of Mary Evalean Johnson Fillerup," dated 1958 and distributed to family members on August 15, 1987 at a Fillerup family reunion held in Blanding, Utah.]

In December of that year we bought our first sewing machine, a Singer treadle machine. I thought that I was very fortunate. And on this Christmas Eve, our two little daughters' stockings hung with ours by the fireplace.

In the Spring of 1902, we bought two pigs and twenty-four white leghorn hens. We planted fruit trees, peach, plum, pear, apricot and apple and several grapevines as well as some more flowers and some locust trees for shade. It was this Spring, too, that we planted our wisteria, which grew to cover the whole west end of the house. Wilma and Kathe well remember this wisteria vine. In June we bought our first wagon and harness for the two mares my father had given us, so now we had our own transportation.

The first of July 1902, my father invited us to go on a trip with him into the mountains southwest of Colonia Juarez. He had business to take care of in the five small towns, which were located in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The names of these towns were: Chuichupa, Round Valley, Garcia, Pacheco and Cave Valley. In our company were my father, my sisters Lue [*Lucy*], Ruthie [*daughter of Mary Agnes Riggs Johnson*] and Jennie, and, of course, Papa and I with Wilma and Kathe. In preparing for our trip, we placed bedsprings in the bottom of our wagon with a mattress, bedclothes, pillows, etc., making a bed for Wilma and Kathe where they could play or sleep as we rode along. At night Papa and I slept on the bed in the wagon and made a little bed in the front end of the wagon for the little girls. My father slept on a folding cot and Lue, Jennie and Ruthie slept on a mattress on the ground.

In the mountains where we traveled was some of the most beautiful scenic country one could imagine. At this time of year the ground was covered with lovely ferns and wild flowers of all kinds. Wild strawberries and wild grapes grew in all of the beautiful canyons. Papa enjoyed yelling and shouting to hear the echoes in the deep canyons. There were many streams of water and waterfalls.

There were many ranches scattered throughout the mountains where we were always invited to stay and visit for a few days. I think we had the best times at the ranches owned by Helaman Pratt, one of the Stake Presidency, and Apostle Moses Thatcher. We met and visited many friends. The whole trip was a most marvelous and happy one. On Kathe's first birthday, July 22, 1902, we were in Garcia staying with Cousin Henry and Bertha Martineau. Cousin Bertha made a birthday cake for Kathe and we had a little party for her.

The latter part of August, 1902, we returned to Colonia Juarez to attend Stake Conference, after which we returned home. The memories of that trip stand out in my memory as something very special for all who were in our party.

During the fall of 1902 we had a barn and shed (which Papa called a cow house) built for the cows and horses. We bought a pasture one mile east of town [*3000 acres and called the Salt Lake pasture, p. 168*] so we could have feed for our livestock.

Our first son was born March 5, 1903 and, of course, we named him Charles Richard Fillerup, Jr. [*57DZ-G9*] We called him Richard until he was about three years old, then decided to call

him Charles because he insisted on it. He would often say, "I want to be Charles like Papa" and Kathe had always refused to call him Richard because of her dislike of Richard Donaldson, one of the boys at school. She encouraged Charles to be called Charles. That summer and fall, we had three rooms and a porch added to our house and built a picket fence around our lot. I continued to give music lessons and Emma Fredricksen (now Heywood) [*her brother, Alma, married Ruthie Johnson, daughter of WDJ, Jr. and Mary Riggs*] then 12 years old, stayed with us during the summer, fall and winter of 1903 to take care of the children while I gave music lessons.

Christmas of 1903 was such a happy one. There were five of us now to go to our family Christmas party on Christmas Eve and the family dinner on Christmas Day when all of my father's family were together. There were thirty-eight or more of us.

I resigned as ward choir organist in February 1904, which position I had held since January 1897. March 5, 1904, when Charles was a year old, I made a birthday cake for him. Wilma and Kathe insisted on having a party, so I invited several little children and Wilma and Kathe served the cake, punch and candy.

During the summer of 1904 Papa went to Mexico City. He left in the middle of June and returned home the first of August. Mary Peterson, a little neighbor girl, stayed with me during Papa's absence and my sweet little sister, Bee, seven years old, was with me, too. She was such a comfort and blessing to me as I was not very well. The first part of September, Bee was stricken with typhoid fever. She was sick only nine days and passed away on September 13, 1904. I was grief stricken, felt as if my heart would break, darling little Bee was so very dear to me. She had stayed with me so much and always seemed to be so happy with me. So many times she would say she wanted to look like me and be like me. She seemed more like my own child than a sister and I adored her. She was a beautiful little girl with large brown eyes and long curly brown hair, which hung in ringlets.

Our second little son was born on November 7, 1904. I had hoped he would be born on Papa's birthday, the 11th. Papa insisted that our little son, who had large brown eyes, should have a name made of the letters in my name, so he made the name Atmone. I wanted him named Leonard, so consequently we gave him the name, Leonard Atmone [*57DZ-JM*]. Papa so wanted him to be called Atmone and always called him Atmone, although everyone else called him Leonard. I was very sick with "child bed fever" for three weeks following Leonard's birth. Leah Jane Keeler, a midwife and registered nurse, stayed by my bedside many days and nights, giving me every care that she could. The nearest doctor was in Deming, New Mexico, so it was impossible to get medical help, but through the faith and prayers of my husband, family and friends, I was healed and made well.

[*In Colonia Diaz ... women presided in the birthchamber. However, since the people relied heavily upon the power of the Priesthood the Elders were usually called in to administer to the patient and supplicate the blessing of the Lord in her behalf. ... Among those often called were Elmer W. Johnson, Jr., Charles Whiting, Andrew Anderson, Apostle Teasdale and others.*

Of the midwives of Colonia Diaz, some were accredited, some acted in obedience to a mission call, as did the women of the early Church, and others were pressed into service by emergencies. But all gave freely of their time, energy and love and all were deeply appreciated by the townspeople. Among those serving were

Lucy Norton, Aunt Annie Nielson, Jane Keeler and Maud Acord. p. 184.]

I think the Christmas of 1904 was the happiest Christmas we had ever had. I was well and we had two daughters and two sons. We were indeed happy; six stockings now hung on our fireplace on Christmas Eve. People who did not understand Papa did not know how sentimental and deeply he felt about certain things, and the tenderness he bestowed upon me and our children. That same pride and tenderness he had for me and our children was deeply felt by me, but by outsiders not understood. In later years, I well knew by the comments he made that he felt our children could not fail in anything, nor could they be outdone. Papa had a reserve that so many times covered up his real feelings, which he seemed unable to express. He had a dignity and bearing which made him stand out prominently among his associates, but that same reserve and dignity was mistaken for coldness and indifference. Papa was one of the most unselfish men I have ever known and his pride and joy in our large family was something wonderful. We wanted a large family and as each new baby came, Papa was so happy and proud.

On Charles' second birthday, March 5, 1905, I had a birthday party for him and he wore his first pants. Always little boys wore kilts or pleated skirts and blouses until they were two years old. In March 1905, I resigned as president of the Primary Association of the Diaz Ward – a position I had held since February 1899.

Papa went to the World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri the middle of July 1905, returning home the middle of August. He brought something home for each one of us. The first of September, Papa and I went to El Paso, Texas to buy clothing and supplies. We usually went once a year, generally during the summer. This trip we took Charles and Leonard with us and left Wilma and Kathe with my mother. My sister, Beryl [*18WX-9R, 14 years old in 1905*] cared for them.

[*Eva wrote: "My first baby, Hester (7MWQ-42), was born on September 13, 1905. p. 2. "Personal History."*]

[*Even though Colonia Diaz felt deep gratitude for the lifegiving waters of the Casa Grandes River, she learned to fear its angry flood stage. In about 1898 the colonists had built some five miles of clay embankment several feet high and wide enough to support a wagon road on top between their town and the natural north bank of the river. Abia E. Johnson, (1F21-VG, brother of WDJ, Jr.) reports that the part of the levee he helped to build ... was six feet high. Since every family helped in the construction of this levee and also attended its dedicatory services, it assumed the proportions of an institution. ... In times of high water an all-night and all-day vigil was kept and any emergency was proclaimed by a horseman galloping through the streets as he shouted, "Everybody out with your shovels!" The church bell also tolled the warning.*

A dangerous flood crest usually lasted only a few hours or a day before beginning to settle back into the riverbed but occasionally one persisted longer. The big flood of about 1905 or 1906 lasted for some four days, and through its washes and ravines, inundated much of the valley making a quagmire so deep that cattle had trouble moving about without getting stuck in the mud. ... To add to the danger, flood water sweeping around the eastern end of the dike spread through the southeastern part of the colony endangering several homes and the small levees hastily thrown around them. ... As the rainsoaked hours dragged slowly into days of incessant battle with

the flood, both the men and the levee sagged and the sisters persuaded their jaded menfolks to divide into relays and come to a hot meal to be served at Charlesetta Johnson's home. A group of young girls (including Moneta's sister, Beryl and Viva, 2SBW-H2 and Ivy, 2SBW-J7, two daughters of Lucy Brown Johnson) were then sent to canvass the town for groceries and supplies which in record time were cooked and ready to serve. However, just as the first group of men were about ready to sit down to eat, the tolling of the church bell and a runner shouting, "Everybody out with your shovels, the water is running over the levee!" sent them all back to the danger spot, with only the smell of the savory food. The meal was later served at the levee a la chuckwagon style.

Viewed from the top of the levee, the muddy, swirling water tossing trees and logs like matchsticks, was frighteningly broad, deep and powerful, ... and with a prayer in every heart, they pooled their efforts to cope with it. Women and girls filled sandbags by the dozens while mudsmeared men and boys scraped and shoveled dirt. And then the dreaded inevitable happened! The persistent water chewed its way through a gopher hole under the embankment and gushed through a hole no larger than a fruit jar. As the hole widened, cracks fanned up to the top of the levee, which soon splintered, loosing a roaring tidal wave through the gap. When the sandbags tossed into the hole floated away like chaff, Professor Charles Fillerup, big both as to stature and character, jumped into the waist high torrent while the others dropped sandbags in behind him by way of a human chain or conveyor belt. The bags held and the river was thwarted. However, not before enough water had gushed through the gap to flood Main Street. ... The exhausted colonists rejoiced when the floodcrest passed and the river began to retire to its bed. pps. 87-89].

During the winter of 1905-06, a little Mexican boy, Felix Padilla, boarded with us and attended school. His parents were wealthy and lived on a big cattle ranch and they wanted him to learn English. Felix was ten years old and a very nice little fellow, cultured and refined. We liked him very much.

This year on Papa's [*32nd*] birthday [*November 11, 1905*], I had a birthday supper for him. My father and mother, Erastus and Lulu [*his wife, Lucy Johnson, daughter of Elmer W. Johnson and Mary Jane Little*] were my guests. Papa had his coconut cream cake as always on his birthday, as that was his favorite cake, just as white coconut candy was his favorite candy. Again this year we went to my mother's for Thanksgiving dinner.

Christmas Eve of this year (1905) the Sunday School of our ward had a Santa Claus who visited every home in town and gave all the children little gifts, candy and popcorn balls. I had been telling the children stories as I always did in the evening before they went to bed. This being Christmas Eve, they were so excited after hanging up their stockings that they did not want to go to bed. Just after I had told them that if they were not in bed when Santa Claus came, he would not fill their stockings, a knock sounded on the door. Wilma went to the door and when she saw Santa Claus, she didn't even think to say, "Come in!", but just said, "Oh! It is Santa Claus!" Then she, Kathe and Charles ran into their bedroom, shut the door and jumped into bed and covered up their heads. They thought that it was the real Santa Claus until I went into their room and told them it was the Sunday School Santa

Claus. I told them that he wanted to see them and give them a present. Of course, this made them very happy and they gave Santa Claus candy and pop corn. They were then ready to go to bed, however, as they really did have a scare. The children always put their shoes out by the door on New Years Eve and we always had something to put in them. [*Note: This is a Mexican custom and the Three Kings are supposed to leave gifts in the shoes of good children*.]

[*By 1892, the orchards, shade trees and flowers surrounding the beautiful homes of Colonia Diaz, forming an oasis in an otherwise treeless desert, were always a surprise to passing travelers. Also, her shingled, gabled roofs and her red brick homes of later years, were so out of texture with her neighboring Mexican villages, that it seemed as if a slice of the United States had been moved south of the border. When asked how such a miracle had been accomplished in so short a time, the Bishop (William Derby Johnson, Jr.) answered, "Because we are all builders and are building to stay."*

The colonists learned that stock raising and agriculture were natural to the climate and conditions of northern Chihuahua and made these their paramount occupations. ... Corn and wheat were especially adapted to the area because they could be planted early and then harvested before the rainy season in July. ... Methods of harvesting wheat began humbly, with the Mormons using the Mexican methods of tramping out the grain with goats or horses or by flailing the grain from the wheat heads after it had been hand cut with sickles and bound into sheaves. It was then ready to winnow the chaff away with the wind. However, the Diazistes later cooperated to buy a horse drawn header and a horsepowered thresher. Then in 1906, Professor Charles R. Fillerup bought another header harvester and

The home of Anthony W. Ivins.

The home was used as Domestic Art, Domestic Science and Kindergarten Training classrooms after Br. Ivins was called to serve as one of the Twelve Apostles in 1907.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 234.)

worked with his father-in-law, William D. Johnson, Jr., who operated a thresher. pps. 103-104].

In the Spring of 1906 Papa bought the "Header Harvester". My father owned a thresher and he and Papa operated together, going from one farm to another to harvest the grain. The header cut the heads off the grain stalks and the thresher followed to thresh the grain. I should explain that the grain was mostly wheat, and grown in large fields. My father and Papa, each in their own wagon, would collect the toll of grain, which was compensation for the harvesting and threshing. They would make daily trips wherever the header and thresher would be in order to collect the toll and take food to the men working on them. Wilma, Kathe and Charles often went with Papa on these trips. They thought it was lots of fun to take their lunch and go with Papa.

[*Like wheat, corn was a profitable crop and reasonably sure because if planted in the early spring, it matured without much later watering and two crops of corn could be raised annually. Besides the Mexican field corn, they raised a sweet corn having smaller, softer kernels. This was delicious parched and served with butter and salt or made into molasses candy balls. It was also delicious when parched and ground into pinole, an Indian dish, and served with cream and sugar. p. 111*].

I continued to give music lessons this summer [*1906*] and Alice Fredricksen stayed with us to care for the children. She was so sweet with them and they liked her very much. My Grandmother [*Jane Cadwallader*] Johnson lived on the same block [*lot SW/78*] as we did [*lot NW/78*]. There was a gate in the fence between our houses. The children often went over to Grandma's house to see "Loro", a big green parrot that my father had brought from Mexico City for my grandmother. Loro talked very well and he especially liked Charles. He would often call, "Charlie! Come play!" and Charles would run over and play with him, often riding an old broom for a horse. Loro would sit on the head of the broom laughing and saying, "Ride a cock horse! Ride a cock horse!" One day I sent Alice over to Grandma's house to bring Charles home for dinner, but Loro did not want him to leave. When Alice took Charles by the hand, Loro flew on her back and bit her on the neck. My grandmother had to come and take him into the house. She would let Loro sit in the big tree in the yard and that is when he would call to Charles. He was a very smart parrot and the children loved him. It was so nice to live near my grandmother and she enjoyed having the children go to see her.

On Easter 1906, I had an Easter party for the children. I made a large Humpty-Dumpty of heavy paper, doubled and sewed all around the edges, leaving just an open space on top of Humpty-Dumpty's head. I sewed on long streamers of bright colored cloth, one for each child. Then I filled the Humpty-Dumpty with candy, small favors and popcorn. It was hung high enough so that all of the children could take hold of one of the streamers. They all danced around Humpty-Dumpty singing:

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty- Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the
King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty
together again!"

At the end of the song, all of the children pulled on their streamers and Humpty-Dumpty was torn apart. Out came the candy, favors and pop corn and what a scramble and what fun the children had. I doubt if Wilma [*6*] and Kathe [*5*] will ever forget that party. Papa and Wilma and Kathe helped me blow the contents of raw eggs out through holes in the eggshells; a large

hole on top and a small hole on the bottom. We painted faces on one side of the eggshell and pasted cotton on the top and back for hair. Each guest was given one of these eggs and a colored egg with their name on it. All were put in a small pasteboard basket, which we had made. I served as refreshments, small heartshaped sandwiches, heart shaped cookies with pink frosting and pink lemonade. It was one of the joys of my life to have parties and to do things for Papa and our children. [*Note: This description of the refreshments may be an error. See Valentine party, below.*]

In August [*1906*], Papa took Wilma and Kathe with him to El Paso to buy clothing and supplies. I was not able to go this summer and the girls were so thrilled and happy to be able to go on a trip with Papa. He permitted them to pick out their own dresses, shoes and hats. They thought themselves quite grown up and they did very well, too.

Wilma started to school in September 1906 and we were certainly proud parents. Papa was happy to have a little daughter go to school with him. He was still the principal of the Diaz Academy. A little baby girl was born to us on September 22, 1906 and we named her Linnie Charlesetta [*5HTD-MP*]. She looked like my little sister, Bee, and I wanted to name her Beatrice, but my mother asked me not to do so.

November 7, 1906, Leonard was two years old and wore his first pants at his birthday party. My little sister, Beulah [*Eliza 18WX-GM, 12th and last child of WDJ, Jr. and Charlesetta*] who was the same age as Leonard, began to cry when she saw Leonard wearing pants. When she was asked why she was crying, she said, "Leonard won't play with me any more!" What a happy Christmas with seven stockings hanging on our fireplace!

February 14, 1907, I had a Valentine party for the children. I made crepe paper hats for the girls and crepe paper caps for the boys. For refreshments, I served heart shaped pink cookies and pink lemonade and candy.

In May 1907 we went to El Paso, Texas to take Charles to a doctor. He had a small growth, about the size of a pea, on the right side of his forehead and we were quite worried about it. The cyst was removed with little difficulty and he recovered rapidly. This summer we bought the big Salt Lake pasture, located northwest of town, for now we owned several horses and a good sized herd of cattle.

[*None of the familiar dairy breeds – Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein – were to be found in Diaz. The native Chihuahua cattle were a very inferior breed. ... even inferior to the Texas longhorns. While some of the native stock was used in developing the range herds at Diaz, there was no herd that was not superior to the native Chihuahua stock. This improvement was made by introducing good stock from the United States. The short horned Durham was the predominant breed that was used. p. 165.*]

[*The cattle industry of Colonia Diaz can be divided into three classes; the small, the medium and the large herds. The family herd consisted of from one to twelve or fifteen cows. It was maintained to supply the family with milk, butter and cheese. Those having the larger family herd also produced cheese commercially. ... Nearly every family had their cheese hoop and press – the size of the hoop and press depending on the size of the family herd. ... There was one cream separator in Diaz. This was owned by Bishop William D. Johnson (Jr). In order that others might benefit from the use of this machine, neighbors for blocks around were allowed to bring their milk and have it separated. That the separator would be properly operated and cared for, Aunt*

Lucy would do the separating taking a little cream for her pay. p. 164.]

[*Just as the cattle herds of Diaz could be classified as small, medium and large, so could the pastures around Diaz also be thus classified. The small pastures containing from ten to twenty acres were immediately adjacent to the outskirts of town; the medium sized pastures lay just beyond the small pastures and the large ones beyond the medium ones. (Charles Richard Fillerup owned the 3000 acre Salt Lake pasture and his father-in-law, William Derby Johnson, Jr. owned the pasture to the south of his.) ... During the summer months there was considerable movement of milch cows in every direction throughout the community to and from the pasture. They were generally driven by children. (Note by Doadie: this was one of the jobs of Charles Richard Fillerup, Jr. according to his handwritten note in his copy of Annie Johnson's book on page 167). The cows were kept in corrals within the community during the night, each family having their own corrals which were generally made of adobe. The cows were milked early in the morning and driven immediately to the pasture in order to give them as much time as possible to graze. pps. 166-8.*]

[*Colonia Diaz was so steeped in range tradition, the environment so dominated by the cattle industry, the appeal of the excitement of range life so irresistible to young men that Diaz turned out far more cowboys than high school graduates. A lot of boys at Diaz planned no schooling beyond the eighth grade, if that much. School was looked upon with disdain. ... Graduation from the eighth grade meant freedom to ride the bucking bronco; to chase and to lasso wild cattle, a lot more exciting, a lot more important to them than the mere humdrum of the schoolroom. p. 169*].

[*As the city grew, so grew its need to maintain its relation with the outside world. The first means of communication at Colonia Diaz was by means of emigrants or travelers; soon mail was sent ... by way of El Paso ... and brought by chance travelers. ... The main newspaper, "Deseret News", was subscribed to by a few people ... who shared with others. ... Finally a local paper came into being, "El Progresso", published in Casas Grandes and Dublan. Each church ward had a reporter. Sister Violet (Jane Bevan, 1F04-KD) Johnson (wife of Abia Johnson) was the Diaz reporter. Not many families missed subscribing. p. 75*].

Juan Montoya, a fine Mexican boy about fourteen years of age, came to stay with us and go to school during the school year 1907-08. He was such a nice, courteous and well behaved boy and we liked him very much. All through the years, even to the present time, he has remained a fine family friend. He was especially fond of Kathe.

In September 1907, Kathe started to school. Papa was happy to have two little daughters walk to school with him. We had quite a time convincing Charles that he was not old enough to go to school.

[*The Juarez Stake Academy was dedicated on September 17, 1905. ... Many faculty members, including Erastus K. Fillerup, were recruited from Diaz. ... Guy C. Wilson, Principal, said of the Diaz School: "Charles R. Fillerup and his staff of teachers are doing a wonderful work. The students they send to the Juarez Stake Academy are honorable and we can be proud of them*

The four oldest children of Charles and Moneta Fillerup.

Clockwise from Left: Leonard (at 3, still in dresses and long hair), Wilma, Charles and Kathe, 1908.

and the work they do here. We are proud of those who taught them." p. 230.]

[*But to keep abreast with the latest teaching methods and to keep the school as qualified as the Utah schools, Colonia Diaz made mandatory teacher attendance at summer school, where Diaz instructors studied under Utah Professors sent by Church School Boards. Under this plan, C.R. Fillerup visualized an uninterrupted progress for his school. p. 233*].

This year [*1907*] I gave a Halloween party for the children. They were all dressed up in costumes. The house was decorated with autumn leaves on the walls and around the doorway and black cats and witches made of black paper decorated the fireplace mantel. Wilma and Kathe were so excited. They helped make the decorations. I served individual pumpkin pies, cookies and cocoa and, as favors, little baskets filled with Halloween candy.

Wilma was baptized by Andrew Andersen on March 8, 1908. Eliza Norton, a neighbor girl, [*sister of Moneta's childhood friend, Rosetta, p. 483*] stayed with us this summer until school started, to care for the children. Linnie had a painful abscess on her right ankle. We had to carry her about for about three weeks because she was unable to walk. She still carries the scar on her ankle.

June 14, 1908 our fourth little daughter was born. We named her Helen Mae [*57DZ-KS*]. I was unable to use my right leg for sometime after her birth and walked with crutches until the first part of November. I was healed through faith and prayers, and the treatments of Dr. Ellis Shipp, a woman doctor and Sister Keeler. [*pps. 184, 187*]. This Thanksgiving was really a day of thanksgiving since I was able to walk without crutches. During this winter, we had a little snow, which was most unusual for Colonia Diaz.

Otho, Winnie, Moneta, Clare, Roy, Lue, Beryl,
Nona, Father, Beulah and Mother.
Taken about 1909.

Combination church and schoolhouse. Opera Hall at extreme right.
Belfrey on roof at left. Prayer circle room upstairs in the front.
(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, inside back cover.)

[*Charles' wife, Mary Evalean, wrote: "My second child (Ruth, 7MWQ-57) was a still birth which occurred August 23, 1908"*].

[*On April 21, 1909 the Old Folks Committee and the Bishop's counselors, Charles Whiting and Peter K. Lemmon, held a Ward reunion in honor of Bishop Johnson who arrived in Colonia Diaz on that date twenty-four years before. In appreciation of his labors as Bishop, they presented him with a gold ring bearing the following inscription:*

Citizens of Diaz to
W.D. Johnson, Jr.
4-21-09

They also presented an album containing the photographs of the members of the Prayer Circle. Eric Jorgensen made the presentation. A program followed the Bishop's speech in which he said he was "overcome with joy." The program included a solo by Winnie and one by Zeno; history of the colony by Violet (wife of his brother, Abia), a sketch of the early life of W.D. Johnson, Jr. by Abia, and various speeches and "remarks". At the end of the program there was a picnic for children and a well attended dance for the adults that night. p. 276].

Kathe was baptized by Andrew Andersen, July 22, 1909. As Papa had never failed to remind me, and Kathe, too, that her name should have been Kathe Moneta, and as he often said, "Mama insisted that her name be only Kathe". However, Papa's constant reminders were very effective, for when Brother Andersen was going to baptize her, and asked her name, Kathe said, "Kathe Moneta Fillerup". Brother Anderson hesitated, and she said, very firmly, "Papa says my name is Kathe Moneta" and she was baptized by that name. She is the only one of our children who gave herself a name. It took Papa eight years to see to it that Kathe bore my name.

Charles started to school in September. On Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1909, another little baby daughter was born to us. We named her Genevieve [*2XXK-SC*]. What a lovely Thanksgiving gift.

The family was at my mother's home for New Years dinner in 1910. After dinner my father commented on how thankful we should be for the peace and happiness we enjoyed and for the privilege of all being together. He was always so pleased to have his family together and each new grandchild was a joy. But before the next New Years Day, the Mexican Revolution had started and two years later found us scattered throughout the Western United States. As I look back over the years and think of the happy family gatherings we used to have on Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays, I am thankful for the many happy memories.

[*The Madero revolt against the continued re-election of President Porfirio Diaz (elected to his seventh term) plunged Mexico into the throes of a revolution and robbed Colonia Diaz and her sister colonies of the security they had experienced under the Diaz regime. Further insecurity developed when their Mormon district became the mobilization center of rebel troops who occasionally demanded needed supplies from the colonists. Many children developed a fear of armed Mexican soldiers, which the school teachers of that year – C. R. Fillerup, Frank Whiting, Elmer W. Johnson, Jr., Myrtle Whiting and Annie Richardson attempted to mitigate, not always successfully.*

One day when fifteen armed rebels dismounted in front of Sister Annie's first grade school room, shouting and brandishing swords and guns as the horses drank from the irrigation ditch

flanking the sidewalk, she was only partially successful in quieting the children's fears. However, when three soldiers strode up to bang on the school room door, then peek in as they inquired the whereabouts of the school principal, C.R. Fillerup, the pupils panicked. Some hid under the desks while others ran crying to the teacher pleading, "Don't let them get us!"

During the next year, chaos reigned in Northern Chihuahua with political power oscillating between federal and rebel powers. Even the revolutionary forces were unstable, for generals, fighting together, frequently defected and became enemies. During this time, Colonia Diaz suffered financial losses and had two of her fine citizens wantonly murdered. Still, all felt that peace would be restored and all would be well. The faculty members of 1911-12, Charles R. Fillerup, Frank Whiting, Myrtle Whiting, Harriet F. Little and Viva Johnson, little realized that they would have the distinction of being the last teachers to work in the Diaz School which was closed by the July 1912 exodus. pps. 233-4].

[*Though the colonists governed themselves under an extensive ecclesiastical organization, they were politically responsible to the Districto and its subdivisions of municipalities. Any political difficulty had to be settled in courts presided over by Mexican officials at Casas Grandes. ... As the revolution progressed, it was difficult for everyone because the authority at Casas Grandes oscillated between the Federal and Revolutionary factions. p. 296.*]

When Haley's comet first appeared in May 1910, we saw it first in Mexico at four o'clock in the morning. I remember Papa and I woke the children so that they could see it and Papa explained to the children all about the comet's long tail. On July 2, 1910, Papa's brother Erastus [*35 years old*] fell from a bridge, which was under construction in Colonia Juarez, and was killed. We were so shocked and grieved. He was so loved by us all. Papa could hardly be reconciled to his death. They had been so very close. Two brothers, who had gone through college together, both coming to Mexico to teach school. Erastus had married my cousin, [*Lucy Ann*] Lulu Johnson [*1DM5-7P*] and they had five children. A sixth one, a son, was born five days later on July 7th. It was a time of deep sorrow for us and I shall never forget the trip we made to Colonia Juarez. I felt so bad for Papa; my heart just ached for him. In September, Leonard started to school, so we now had four children in school.

Troubled Times In Mexico

[*The political unrest in Mexico in 1910 brought down the Porfirio Diaz regime and was responsible for the forced exodus of Mormons from their thriving Mexican colonies two years later. As the hostilities escalated, this became increasingly difficult and Mormon diaries and journals record the damage and pain they suffered at the hands of Pancho Villa and his men as they terrorized and looted Colonia Diaz.*][1]

I have always been thankful that I lived near my mother. Our homes were just one and one-half blocks apart. The Revolution started in November 1910. The rebels began making trouble for all foreigners, particularly Americans. They would come through our towns, stealing food, horses, cattle or anything else they wanted. The Church advised us to get along with them the best way we could and to avoid trouble if it was possible. Conditions became so serious that it was decided that the bell at school was no longer to ring for school and church. It would ring only as a signal that the rebels were in town. Upon this signal, the men were to arm themselves and meet at the school house. Women and children were forbidden to be on the streets after dark. Christmas in 1910 was an anxious one. We did not know what to expect from one day to the next. It is a frightening condition to live under and only people who have had a similar experience can know how we felt.

In February 1911, Papa was seriously ill with pneumonia. We had no doctor, nor was one available. Sister Keeler, whom I have mentioned before, cared for him. Through the hours and days of untiring care she gave him, the faith and prayers of the family and the administrations of the Elders, he was restored to health. He was in bed for three weeks and could sit up only a short time each day for two weeks after that. But how very grateful and thankful we were that the Lord had spared his life. By the latter part of March, Papa would walk about the house and by April he was able to go out doors and sit in the sun. The first day he was out, he was sitting in a rocker on the south side of the house. We were with him when we saw a company of Mexican soldiers coming down the street. We were really frightened, but as they passed the house, Papa said, "They will protect us; those men are the Federal Army." The children raced to the picket fence to watch them go by. It was a colorful sight for the dress of a Mexican Federal Army Officer was always

[1]Annie Johnson's Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz and Mormon Colonies in Mexico by Thomas Romney describe this time in vivid detail.

resplendent with braid and silver and they rode fine horses. But fear and anxiety were with us constantly.

Charles was not baptized on his birthday, but on May 9, 1911 by Andrew Andersen. The weather was unusually cold that spring and Papa was sick. During this summer the children were not allowed to go with him as they had always done before, because it was not safe.

September 27, 1911, a baby daughter was born to us and we named her Vilda [*57DZ-LO*]. Now we had six daughters and two sons. I had another Halloween party for the children, the last one in Mexico. On Papa's [*38th*] birthday, I gave a party, his last in Mexico. At the party we wondered if we would be here next year, hoping that we would and fearing that we might not be. Thanksgiving dinner at my mother's and Christmas dinner at Aunt Lucy's – these were the last family gatherings we were to have. Sometimes it is a good thing that we do not know what is ahead of us. On this Christmas Eve, 1911, ten stockings hung on the fireplace mantel, but much of the usual joy and happiness was replaced by the anxious misgivings we felt as to the future. Which of us could say what it would and was to bring.

The New Years celebration was missing in 1912; no bells, no celebration. I had parties for the children on Valentine's Day and for Easter I had an Easter egg hunt. The children had so much fun. I did everything I could to make the children less conscious of the anxiety that was so hard to hide from them. Birthday parties were given each child as the birthdays came along. There was no May Day celebration; it was not wise to go about unnecessarily. No Stake Conferences were held this year. Kathe's [*10th*] birthday party on July 22nd was the last party we had in our home in Mexico.

The rebels were making more and more trouble for us as the days passed. They went through the country stealing horses, cattle, food and clothing whenever and however they wished. Followers of Pascual Orozco, Abraham Gonzales and Francisco [*Pancho*] Villa, had declared their allegiance to Francisco I. Madero and these bands of revolutionists were throughout the entire State of Chihuahua.

[*Porfirio Diaz capitulated, under pressure, and his subsequent flight from Mexico to France was a sad end to the regime of the aged President. Although he had occasioned much progress for his country, geared though it was to the already wealthy, it was a lonely flight he made from his beloved Mexico. It was also a sad affair for the colonists who had enjoyed his good will and protection ever since their entry into Mexico and*

Pancho Villa and his troops on the rampage.

who had named their first colony Colonia Diaz in his honor as proof of their gratitude and esteem. p 304].

The Church sent Apostle Anthony W. Ivins [*who later became 1st Counselor to Pres. Heber J. Grant*] from Salt Lake to the stake conference held in Colonia Juarez on Dec. 17-18, 1910, to confer with the colonies. They were told to:

"Remain perfectly neutral. Take no part with either side. Solicit judiciously the protection of whatever faction is in power. Explain carefully your position, and strive always to be at peace with them. Accede to their demands in reason, and give or deny with all the wisdom in your possession. Be humble, seek diligently the help and protection of God. Do this, and though you may lose your property and animals, I promise you, you will not lose your lives."

We tried to do this [*stay neutral*], but the trouble only increased. At one time, when the rebels demanded our firearms, we were warned by friendly Mexicans and the men buried the guns and all of the ammunition, so they were not found when the town was searched. I shall never forget how terrified we were when the rebels searched our houses. We did not know what they might do, but no one was harmed. After taking everything they wanted from the Co-op Store and taking what horses and cattle they wanted, they left.

[*The position of neutrality became increasingly difficult for the colonists to maintain since the entire district was under military rule and the authority oscillated from faction to faction as they, in turn, swarmed around and into the colonies. Under these conditions the Mexican citizenry also took liberty to make frequent stealing expeditions within Mormon territory. p. 309*].

The night the Co-op Store was raided by Mexicans is one I shall never forget. It was the first part of May [*May 2, 1912*], and Papa had gone to the header that day to collect the grain toll. One of the wheels on the wagon had to be repaired and he could not return home until the following day. He sent word by Ed Jorgensen, one of the boys who worked the header, that he would not be home that night. But Ed forgot to come and tell me. By late afternoon, I kept thinking surely Papa will soon be home. As it became dark, I expected him to come in at any time. Still he did not come. I dared not go over to my Mother's in the darkness as we were warned not to be on the streets at night unless a man accompanied us. Had I known that Papa was to be away all night, I would have had one of my brothers come and stay with me.

The hours passed and the later it got, the more alarmed I became. My anxiety increased with each passing hour, for I knew it was not safe for anyone to be on the road anywhere alone. In the stillness and the darkness of the night, I suddenly heard the bell ringing, at two o'clock in the morning! It could only mean one thing – the rebels were in town. We had been ordered to put out all lights when the bell rang. Terror stricken, I listened and waited in the dark; the sound of gunshots pierced the stillness. Then all was quiet! A thousand and one things and reasons went through my mind. I was all alone with my children, knowing not what trouble was going on in town, not knowing where Papa was; not knowing what minute someone might break into the house! I had never fired a gun in my life, but I knew I would use it if I had to. We had been told to sleep with our guns by the bed.

I awakened Wilma [*12*] and Kathe [*10*] and the three of us sat in the darkness, terrified. How thankful I was that the younger children were sleeping: Vilda, 8 months; Genevieve, two years old; Helen, four years old; Linnie, five years old; Leonard, seven years old; and Charles, nine years old. The moon shone brightly and

we could see clearly out doors. We watched and waited in terrified silence until day light. I doubt that Wilma and Kathe will ever forget that night. It was a dreadful experience for them. The anguish I suffered that night is impossible to express.

As soon as it was light enough, I went over to Brother Lemmon's to inquire about the shooting and what had happened during the night. He told me that Mexicans had broken into the Store and one Mexican was killed. None of our men were hurt. My brother-in-law, Francis M. [*Frank*] Whiting was the jefe [*sheriff*] and my sister, Winnie, had shared my anxiety of the night before when Frank had been called out.

[*Frank Whiting, whose upstairs bedroom overlooked the store enclosure, was giving his six-months old, Marian, a drink at 2 o'clock a.m. and discovered two Mexicans loading store goods onto waiting horses. ... He reached Elmer Johnson, Jr.'s bedroom window via cross lots. His stage-whispered message, "Elmer, the Mexicans are robbing the store. Get your gun quickly and meet me at Bishop Johnson's corner across the street," galvanized both Elmer and his wife, Annie (Richardson), into action and left Frank free to summon other men. ... four shots were fired from near the store, loosing a tumult of shouting voices and racing horses hooves. ... Seconds after the shots, when Frank reached the store, he found that one posseman, fearful that the bandits were escaping had called, "shoot" and four others, taut with suppressed excitement, had each fired a shot into the air.*

The two robbers then fled south on Main Street, firing as they rode. Immediately, armed minute men, in answer to the four-shot signal, stood at their post on every street. At Jorgensen's corner on Main Street, where the fleeing robbers failed to stop at the "Quien Vive" (halt!) command, the Mormons, thinking it to be the beginning of warfare, fired and the robbers fled east at Parley Johnson's corner, still firing. ... By now the entire town was awake, women collected furtively in dooryards, while night gowned children shivered under the icy suspense in the air.

Under the light of the bright moon, the colonists discovered blood on the lawn at Parley Johnson's corner and knew that one or both robbers had been shot. Lewis Jorgensen and Sam Donaldson discovered a dead Mexican and part of the five-hundred dollar loot taken from the store lying in the street near (William Galbraith's wife,) Lilly's home on the extreme east of town. pps. 309-311].

I went over to my mother's to get one of my brothers to go and find Papa. My two brothers, Otho and Roy, saddled their horses and went to find Papa. They met him about five miles from La Ascension. Papa was so angry with Ed Jorgensen for not coming to tell me he couldn't get home that night. He told Ed in no uncertain words what he thought of his forgetfulness and that it was 'criminal carelessness'.

The events of this night were all the more frightening when on the 4th of May, James Harvey, a neighbor, was killed by a Mexican while he was irrigating in his field. No one was safe anywhere alone, day or night.

[*Cesario Gonzales claimed that the dead robber was his brother and threatened retaliation. Some wondered if Cesario was the robber who escaped. Gonazales was a neighbor of James D. Harvey who had a farm four miles southwest of Diaz. They had worked together in harmony and Harvey had kept the Gonzales family in potatoes and flour for years. On May 4th, Harvey, unaware of the store incident,*

"Otho and Holly on the left, and Roy with Dunny.

My uncles gave this little strawberry roan to me because he was too small for them. Dunny was a little Mexican broomtail, raised on a bottle as a colt. He was a natural pacer, and how I loved him."
(From Wilma Fillerup Turley's album.)

called to notify Gonzales that his horses had crossed the ditch into his farm, but he was chased out of the house with a pistol and then around the house several times. Harvey was shot three times, the last bullet taking effect between the eyes after he was dead. He was then beaten over the head with a shovel. His young son, Willie was a witness. pps 311-12.]

On that same 4th of May, my brother Zeno's little daughter, Marguerite, died of scarlet fever. It seemed that so much sorrow was with us.

My adopted sister, Domer [*Jones Johnson, wife of William Adams*] had been very sick for several weeks during May and June. She was at Aunt Lucy's home where she died July 3rd [1912]. Her daughter, [*Domer*] Edyth, [*Parks*] lived in Columbus, New Mexico and had come to be with her mother. [*She had hired Arthur Evans to drive her, and he had neglected to obtain the proper permit to bring his car into Mexico. The rebels demanded a fine, and an argument ensued. p. 313*]. There was always trouble about permits, from first one rebel force and then another; whichever happened to be in control in the area.

A so-called army officer came to question their [*Edyth's and Evans'*] right to be in Mexico and demanded that they leave at once. This was the next morning after Domer had died [*4 July 1912*]. My brother-in-law, William Adams was with his daughter Edyth, standing at the front of the gate of Aunt Lucy's home and this Mexican officer [*in the company of five others*] was on horseback. He was told that Edyth would return to Columbus, New Mexico with Mr. Evans just

as soon as her mother was buried. And with no provocation whatsoever, Will was shot down in cold blood by this Mexican, Edyth standing by his side. We were so shocked and grieved beyond words to express. What was to happen next – no one knew. My sister and her husband were buried the next day, July 5th, in a double casket. They left eight orphan children; Edyth was the only one married.

[*Upon another occasion, as soldiers, detailed to scour the town to spot horses, saddles, hay, grain or other items vital to the army, rode boldly into corrals and around barns, they seemed to delight in shocking women and children housed-up and praying for the day when they could again live under law and order. From his saddle, one soldier leaned over and grabbed a chicken, then beheaded it by whirling it in the air. He then threw the head at a horrified child watching the performance, and rode near, motioning as if to grab the child for a similar beheading. The screams of the child and the ribald laughter of the departing tormentor brought the mother hurrying to the child's rescue. p. 317.*]

[*While the soldiers rioted in the streets, Colonel Arriola, a rebel leader, entered the store and made demands of Bishop Ernest Van Romney (William Derby Johnson, Jr. had been released July 11, 1911) that all the guns and ammunition in the colony be delivered to him the next morning at ten o'clock or he would shoot up the town. After posting an order to that effect on the front door of the store, he rode off to Ascencion, well pleased with his sense of authority. pps 317-18.*]

[*Salazar ... evinced great displeasure that such a demand had been made upon the colonists. The order Salazar issued to Arriola to refrain from molesting the colonists was hurried to Ascencion by Nathan Tenney who arrived in time to prevent the Diaz party from being arrested and thrown into jail. p. 319.*]

[*As the situation further deteriorated, many of the colonists were jailed and all were under constant fear of Mexican attack. And then the world of the colonists exploded, with the vortex of the storm touching at Colonia Dublan. (General I.) Salazar issued the shocking ultimatum for immediate delivery of all guns and ammunition or he would go into the homes after them and remove all restraint upon them, allowing them to loot the town and ravage the women and children at will. During the council meeting to decide what to do, word came from the colony of Guadalupe, three miles south, that rebels were already searching the homes for guns and giving no quarter. The dye was cast! Women and children must be sent to safety! ... A few people left immediately and trains were chartered to carry the rest out next morning. The collection of guns (old guns) to be delivered to the rebels from a central place was begun and a runner was sent to notify the other colonies to flee until affairs became settled. All felt and hoped that the exile would be of short duration. p. 322*].

[*The stories of the exodus of the Mormon Colonists from Old Mexico are as varied as the number of people experiencing them and if put together would form a saga of courage and sacrifice equaled, perhaps, only by the history and circumstances of their settlement. On the night of Saturday, July 27, 1912, Colonia Diaz retired fully prepared for Sunday worship next day. The deacons had swept and dusted the combination church and school house, filled the dozen or so wall lamps with*

coal oil and topped them with glistening lamp chimneys. Homes of the town had received the usual scrubbing and cleaning; bread containers boasted fresh loaves of bread, savory biscuits, or corn bread as the case might be, ready to supplement the prepared Sunday meal. Clothes were pressed, shoes polished (polish was obtained by dipping a wet brush into the soot of an upturned stove lid and smearing it onto the shoe), and the children all had taken their turns at the weekly bath in the number three tin tub, isolated by a quilt draped over the backs of two chairs. Little girls slept uncomfortably on strands of hair tied up with strings, that they might wear ringlets to Sunday School. Teachers had polished off their Sunday School lessons by a final review and young people dreamed of their social activities between meetings. pps 323-4.]

[*How far afield happenings can stray from their planned schedule! About three o'clock Sunday morning, July 28, 1912, after an all night ride, Levi S. Tenney entered the sleeping town of Colonia Diaz bearing shocking news from the Stake Presidency at Colonia Juarez. He delivered a letter to Bishop Ernest Romney which stated that the colonists were in great danger, as the rebels were demanding that all the guns and ammunition held by the Mormons be delivered to them on the 28th and were supporting the demand with ruthless force. The women and children from the upper colonies were being evacuated to El Paso and the Diaz people were advised to flee immediately across the border. p. 324*].

[*A meeting was called and every man realized the danger the town would be in if left unarmed and at the mercy of marauding rebels. p. 325*].

We Leave Our Home In Mexico

Then came that Sunday morning, July 28, 1912. A message came over the wire stating that all Americans must be prepared to leave within a matter of hours. General Inez Salazar had withdrawn all promises of protection to foreigners in Mexico on July 24th, and had sent word to the Mormon people, through Henry E. Bowman to that effect. So the Juarez State Presidency notified all the colonies to be ready to leave. Word was sent to us by Levi S. Tenney. He came in from Colonia Juarez on horse back, arriving in Colonia Diaz about five o'clock Sunday morning, the 28th. The message stated that an order had come from the rebel army to surrender all arms and ammunition, and that we were to leave at once. We must be across the border into the United States by night fall. Americans in central Chihuahua were to go to El Paso, Texas; those in the State of Sonora were to go to Douglas, Arizona. Those in northern Chihuahua were to go to Hachita, New Mexico and El Paso, Texas. The school bell rang at five o'clock that Sunday morning to call all the men to meet at the school house. A meeting was held and it was decided that every one must be out of town by ten o'clock that same morning.

[*It was decided that the towns people would go overland, cross the International Boundary Line at the Corner ranch, some nineteen miles northwest of Diaz, and proceed to Hachita, New Mexico. Plans were made for every man owning teams and wagons to take his own family and as many as possible of his neighbors who had no outfits. They were to take only bedding and provisions to last four or five days because all felt that the danger would pass after the rebel army moved on to its field of battle. Since the rebels might arrive any minute to demand the guns, a guard was placed around the town to prevent a surprise attack, and everyone was instructed to be ready to leave by ten o'clock. p. 325*].

In five hours time we must get together what food and clothing, bedding and other necessary things we could put in two wagons. We had to decide what to take and what to leave. Papa dug a hole under the floor in the front room and buried some of our valuables and some things we prized most and could not take with us. Wilma and Kathe insisted that their little china dishes be buried, too. Papa nailed the floorboards down again, and it was with the hope that we would be back.

[*Wallace, son of Violet (Jane Bevan 1FO4-FD) and Abia (Ezekiel 1F21-VQ)*

Johnson, was sent to Dry Wash pasture to bring in a half broken range horse of his uncle, Elmer (Wood) Johnson (Sr.) to complete their team. Abia and Wallace, the two older sons, assumed the family responsibility until their father arrived three weeks later after driving overland with a mule team and buckboard. p 325-6.]

[*Andrew Andersen (who had baptized all of the Fillerup children) alerted his wife, Janet and his two sons, Will and Hans, instructing them to take only a few days' supplies, then hurried off to assist his daughter-in-law, Blanch, to begin preparations because her husband, Monroe, was in Columbus. p. 326.*]

[*At Edmund Richardson's Dusty Dale ranch located some three miles northeast of Colonia Diaz, the rising sun found the calves all turned out to their mothers because cheese making was always suspended on Sunday morning. Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. and Alma Frederickson (husband of Ruthie Johnson) lived on the ranch at that time; Alma was filling his contract to develop an orchard and other agricultural products, and Elmer was managing the dairy. ... Rue Lemmon galloped across the clearing to bring the word that everyone must be ready to leave Diaz for the United States by ten o'clock that morning. He reported that the upper colonies, Juarez and Dublan, were already on their way out. Alma and Ruthie Frederickson hurried to town with their children and Elmer instructed his wife, Annie, to pack their things while he finished looking after the welfare of the animals as best he could, trying especially to provide water for them. ... On the way to town they met droves of cattle, horses and pigs feeding or worrying their way into the mesquite flats, now under the necessity of shifting for themselves. Not a soul was on the streets of the town. Familiar sounds were hushed – everyone was purposefully busy packing and preparing conveyances or carrying out his appointed task. pps. 327-8*].

[*Elmer (Wood) Johnson, Sr. wrote: I readied two teams, one pair of colts that had been hitched up only three times and another consisting of a good work horse and a partly broken colt. I drove the colts and my daughter-in-law, Annie (Richardson) Johnson, drove the other team. To make room for other people to ride, we had to leave the trunk of wedding presents, feather bed, and new carpet that she and my son, Elmer (Wood, Jr.) had brought up from the Dustydale Ranch. p. 329*].

I had to bake bread, churn butter, get what meat, eggs, milk and fruit and the other things we had on hand, which we could take with us in our wagons. We turned our cows, calves, pigs, chickens and horses out into the street so they would not starve. With the two wagons packed, Charles [*9*] was to drive the team on one wagon, and Wilma [*12*] and Kathe [*11*] were to ride with him. Papa and I had the five youngest children with us in the other wagon. Our old mare, Bess, and Charles' pony, Zebe made up the team that Charles drove, and he did very well, too. Wilma and Kathe were worried because Bess had to pull most of the load. When we were getting into the wagon to go, Genevieve [*3*] began to cry. She wanted to take her kitten. "Please take Polly. I can't leave Polly!" So Papa said we better take the cat, too. So Genevieve's kitten was the only cat taken out of town.

As we drove out of the gate, Papa said, "Mama, look back at our home and all we own and say goodbye to it all." And goodbye it was, for we never returned. Imagine, if you can, how it

would make one feel to leave everything you have worked for and accumulated through the years. It was a terrible feeling and is a very painful memory. But we were thankful that all of us were well. We were only a small percent of the Americans who were leaving Mexico that day, July 28, 1912. Some of the people from the different colonies in Mexico later went back to their homes or sold them, but Colonia Diaz was destroyed and burned. There was nothing left to go back to.

[*As each family took its place in the line, it was as if the history of the town fell chapter after chapter into place to begin the final pages of the Colonia Diaz story, unaware, because the people all felt they would return in a day or two as they had ridden away. Only the stark, empty houses denoted the fall of the final curtain on the twenty-eight year saga of work, faith, courage and cooperation. p.330*].

Can you visualize the population of a town of eight hundred people leaving all at once? Taking with them only a limited amount of food, clothing and necessities in wagons, not more than two wagons to a family? There were eighty-three vehicles in our company; they were all sizes and descriptions: wagons with covers; without covers; buggies; carriages; hayracks and buckboards; even two wheeled carts. The wagon train was more than a mile long. As we went on our way, the road went through our big pasture. [*The 3000 acre Salt Lake Pasture, map p.142*]. The grass in the pasture and for miles beyond was so green and beautiful, and was up to the horses knees. We left crops ready to harvest, fruit on trees, ripe and ready to pick.

[*Levi S. Tenney, delegated to take charge of the move, reports that about eighty-five assorted vehicles (Violet Johnson reported eighty-two in a newspaper article, and Gilbert Richardson counted ninety-six) loaded with some eight-hundred people drove out of Colonia Diaz about ten o'clock that morning in the most remarkable order ... The caravan stretched out more than a mile. ... Even though they were blessed in escaping molestation from rebels, that was a long exhausting trip with no stops for lunch or water. No one had thought to bring along a portable restroom, and nature's concealed comfort stations were scarce. p. 331.*]

[*About six o'clock that evening the Diazistes crossed the International Boundary Line and made camp at the Corner Ranch nearby. Eight hours they had been traveling those nineteen miles. Imagine such speed! They had made a little over two miles an hour. The windmill and tank of water at the ranch were a veritable oasis in the desert for both the people and the animals. Since a storm threatened, a few babies and old people were rushed into a small rock room there on the ranch while the men hurriedly stretched wagon covers between and around wagons in an attempt to shelter those who were exposed to the already falling rain which soon developed into a terrific thunder storm. pps. 332-333.*]

Ernest Romney, Bishop of the Diaz Ward, was in charge of the company, assisted by my brother-in-law, Frank Whiting [*Francis Marion Whiting, Sr. 1JX8-WR, husband of Winnie*] who was the jefe (sheriff). He maintained order and attended to things pertaining to the needs of the people. As I recall, there was no confusion or disorder. We arrived at the barbed wire fence, which was the boundary line between the United States and Mexico about sundown. We were then twenty-two miles from Colonia Diaz, our home.

Although we had left everything we owned, with the exception of the few things we had with us, and we had no idea where we would go or what the future would be for us, we were homeless, yet felt a security and peace that we had not had for more than two years. We were thankful to be in the United States and we knew we would receive help from the government. All Americans leaving Mexico at this time were assured of that.

[*The exodus did not spell 'finis' to this wonderful Colonia Diaz culture and that of the other Mexican Mormon colonies, but became, rather, the means of transplanting it or grafting it into other communities to bless the entire church. P. 340.*]

The place we camped that night was called Monument Mountain in New Mexico. After we had all eaten supper, we were called together by Bishop Romney and plans were made for the next day. We all joined in singing and visited with our families and friends, feeling thankful and grateful that we had been able to travel that day in peace and safety.

About twenty-five men and boys were left in Colonia Diaz and my brother, Otho, was one of them. They were to look after things as long as it was safe to do so. Their horses were kept saddled and ready to mount at a moment's notice. Sentries were stationed around town, and when they brought word that the rebels were coming, the men and boys mounted their horses and left town in a hurry. My brother, Otho, said they were playing the phonograph (an Edison that played cylinder records) and just left it running. The rebels chased them for several miles, shooting at them, but no one was hurt, although Otho had a bullet hole through the top of his hat and one in his chaps. We were all so thankful and happy to have them in camp with us and know they were safe. It had not been easy to leave them behind when we left.

[*John Pierce rode the French Coach stallion, cooperatively owned by the Diazistes, over to Alamo Hueco to notify the line-rider (the equivalent of today's Border Patrol), Jim Robinson, that the people were there (Corner Ranch) and wished to go on to Hachita. Next morning, July 29, 1912, the line-rider and three other Americans arrived, but instead of sending the people on to Hachita, as expected, he ordered them to go on to Dog Spring, some nine miles west of the Corner Ranch to await word from the Government. p.333*].

The next day, July 29, we traveled eight miles to a cattle ranch called "Dog Springs", so named because there were so many prairie dogs there. Mr [*Leroy*] Boyd, was very kind to our company. He had wood supplied to us and beef butchered so there was meat for everyone. He had his water reservoir drained so that we could have the fish.

[*Leroy Boyd, was a foreman of the J.B.L. Cattle Co, sometimes known as the Alamo Hueco Cattle Company. He had planted a water tank with fish and he let the men drain and clean this tank in exchange for the fish which proved ample for the entire Mormon camp. p.334*]

Genevieve's kitten went all around the company. Everyone knew it was Genevieve Fillerup's cat, and it was a favorite with all of the children. My mother's dog, Old Nig, so called because he was a big black dog, was in camp with us. Nig had no love for Mexicans. He had been trained to guard my mother and proved to be quite a hero a few years later in Columbus, New Mexico, when he saved the life of an Army Captain. A Mexican had crawled into the Captain's tent during the night, but before he could knife the sleeping Captain, Nig "got him"! From that day on he was an Army dog. Nig's first contact with the Army had been at

Dog Springs where there was an Outpost of the United States Army. Nig died a natural death and was buried, with military honors, in the United States Army Cemetery in Columbus [*New Mexico*].

[*Upon arrival (at Dog Springs) the wagons were drawn up in a four row formation with streets in between, forming quite a "wagon city". The campfire kitchens were set up in the streets and people laughed and talked as they prepared the evening meal that first night at Dog Springs, a meal which many of them never ate. For suddenly, a boisterous bolt of lightning ripped through the black clouds which had gathered and water sheeted down in torrents over the territory drenching everything. In a matter of seconds streams of water flooded over the camp and things went sailing away; towels, pillows, dishes, loaves of bread, pots and pans. ... The storm ceased as suddenly as it began and fires were built in an effort to warm up the people and dry out the clothing and bedding. pps. 333-334*]

[*As the refugees settled into their first resting place after the trek, their thoughts became concerned with those whom the hasty exodus had forced to remain behind. Great joy surged over the camp when Oriel Richins drove in one morning ... Since they brought word that all was quiet at Colonia Diaz, seven outfits were dispatched to bring out food and supplies. p. 334*].

While we were at Dog Springs, my brother, Zeno, [*Peter*] Kim Lemmon, Isaac Pierce, Frank Galbraith and my brother Abia, went to Hachita (the nearest town) to buy wagon covers, tarpaulins and other needed supplies. [*..and to obtain permission to camp at Hachita. p. 334, 341*]. Mr. Walter Birchfield, a wealthy and influential cattleman, [*manager of the Diamond A Cattle Company, with headquarters at Hachita p. 334*] let them take his best team and a large carriage to make the trip. He also gave Zeno letters of introduction to the owners of big ranches through which we would pass, asking them to give the people beef and wood [*and water*] for their comfort. And this they did very liberally.

[*On July 30th, a group of Diaz men from Dog Springs returned to town for supplies. They were commissioned to bring out some treasure for practically every family in the colony. p.336. ... On August 2nd, five days after the general exodus, Bishop Romney sent Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. with a message and an outfit full of supplies to the Diaz refugees across the boundary line. Elmer found them at the Hatchet Ranch en route to Hachita.*

He was to return with detailed information about camp progress and welfare, but shortly after he left Diaz drastic changes occurred. A band of some one hundred and fifty or two hundred loot-crazed rebels from Salazar's army under the command of General Rodriguez charged into town like a sea of undulating horseflesh, jerked their mounts to a halt on Main Street and surged into the store occupied just then by Bishop Ernest Van Romney and Charles Edmund Richardson. In twenty minutes the milling and shouting reached alarming proportions. .... The rebels looted and then destroyed the store and took the two men captive, demanding $500 ransom for each.

Brother James R. Donaldson brought them a few old guns and explained they would need time to raise the $1000 ransom. The prisoners were turned loose

with the admonition to have the money ready next day or else! ... In view of the overwhelming numbers as well as the threat against all Americans ... the Colonists evacuated Diaz on the evening of August 2nd after dark, leaving the town completely unprotected, not a white person of either sex was left in the colony. The Colonists succeeded in crossing the line before morning ... all arrived safely in Hachita at 10 o'clock August 5, 1912. pps 337-8.]

[*Major Rice of the United States Army Post at Hachita, New Mexico, gave orders to the Army Outpost at Dog Springs, to give all possible help to move the people on into Hachita, farther from the Mexican border. We left Dog Springs on the morning of August first. We went as far as "Alamo Enco"* [*Hueco?*]*, a big cattle ranch owned by Mr. Walter Birchfield. There he had wood and plenty of beef for everyone waiting for us. Mr. Birchfield's barbecued beef, prepared for the camp, turned his gracious reception into an evening of dining and dancing. p.334*].

From "Alamo Enco", [*August 2nd, after a morning at Cienegas Ranch, the night stop was made at the Hatchet Ranch where Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. found them*] we went on to Hachita on August 3, 1912.

[*Hachita is a railroad town of Southern New Mexico located in a large valley whose three sides: north, south and east run in solitude to the horizon, broken only by the smoke of a locomotive or a shimmering windmill. The valley was rich in "offbeat" beauty and was seemingly uninhabited, though the refugees found their campgrounds to be a paradise for scorpions, lizards, ants and other curious desert life.*

The inhabitants of Hachita received the refugees with mixed emotions of sympathy, prejudice, curiosity and understanding. On Saturday, August 3rd, as Jim Robinson, the U.S. line-rider piloted that caravan of eight hundred people through the town, the streets were dotted with groups of spectators, some of whom followed out onto the treeless, chaparral-covered flat east of town to watch the refugees make camp. Some of them remarked, "Those wagons belched people like rabbits." Many other remarks were made about the large families and some speculated upon the number of wives each man had. But on the whole the Hachita folks were very kind and

The town of Hachita

The tall railroad water tank, at extreme right, was the only source of water for the refugees from Mexico.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 342.)

Part of Tent City showing the government's two large commissary tents.

Note the sparse amount of vegetation in the foreground. It could not even supply firewood.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 342.)

the Diaz people were not subjected to as much public curiosity as were the refugees who came out by train to El Paso. p. 341].

[*Soon after arrival in Hachita, the men began clearing off the chaparral, short brush and grass from the camp grounds. The wagons and uncovered outfits did not offer much protection from the punishing sun, constant winds, sand and dirt, much less from the persistent rains. On Sunday, August 4, the religious services were rained out, but it became a Sunday for rejoicing because the men and boys who had remained in Colonia Diaz reached camp about ten o'clock that evening, safe and well. p. 343*].

Major Rice had tents ready for all the company, two or three tents for each family. [*..by order of Lieutenant Johnson of the 3rd United States Cavalry, 110 tents were dispatched to Hachita on Monday, August 5, for use among the Diaz-Hachita refugees. p. 345*] There were railway car loads of provisions from the United States Government, waiting for us. The railroad company provided wood and ties for use of the people. Food was distributed through a Commissary. My brother-in-law, Alma Frederickson [*husband of Ruthie Johnson*] was the manager.

[*The camp presented a paradoxical situation for these people who had all owned comfortable, well furnished homes and over a million dollars worth of property in Mexico, and were now without shelter and could scarcely raise one hundred dollars cash among the entire group. p. 343 ... The tents were poor accommodations compared with the comfortable homes standing empty back in Colonia Diaz, but every heart was grateful to the Heavenly Father and to the U.S. Government for these gifts. Even a tent could be made a home if the family was gathered there. p. 345*].

[*As might be expected, the Colonists considered ways of retrieving some of the possessions that had been left behind in Mexico. As much as possible, trips into Colonia Diaz were scheduled for the time when rebels were absent from the district.*

The tent housing the Fillerup family is indicated in the photo above.

Back row: Nona Johnson, Flossie Richardson, Madge Richardson, Aunt Ruthie holding a baby, Aunt Ivy, Lenora Richardson, Iris Whiting and ?
Front row: ?, ?, Beulah Johnson.

Rebecca Richardson and her daughter Lenore, by the washer, are ready to do laundry, now that the children have hauled water in their cart from a large water tank at the railroad depot, the only source of water for the refugees.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 349.)

Some of the first trips were made by Orson James Richins and Lester Gruwell, who foraged at night for furniture, clothing, etc. from different homes. Often, when they struck matches, they were startled by hens flying into their faces, or pigs darting between their legs or tripping them over. The boys took their load over the line about sunup. They then slept while the people went through the load sorting out their belongings. On the third trip, it was rumored that the boys had been caught and hanged by the rebels. Although the boys returned unharmed, they were not allowed to go in again for some time. p. 354].

My father was in New York on business when we left Mexico. He joined us in Hachita, two days after we arrived there [*5 August*].

[*Former Bishop William D. Johnson, Jr., absent on a business trip to New York at the time of the exodus, now gladdened the people by returning to them at Hachita. He set up a large tent as a gathering place for his family and also proffered its use for camp meetings and solemn assemblies of the officials. p. 346*].

We received word that Grandpa [*Anders Peter, age 81*] Fillerup had passed away in Provo, Utah on August 12, 1912.

[*From Mary Evalean Johnson's notes: ... July 28th we were driven from our homes. The authorities thought we would be able to go back in a short time but after camping in tents for some time at Hachita, New Mexico, decided that it would be impossible and other plans would have to be made. While we were camped here, cooking over a camp fire most of the time, and putting up with many other unpleasant things, my third baby and only son, (Ross A.* [*Andrew*]

Fillerup, 4BN9-2G) was born in a tent on August 9, 1912. When the baby was seven days old, my husband (C.R. Fillerup) took his first family and moved to Tucson, Arizona.]

[*The following families were grateful to Dr. Thornberry for delivering babies for them at the camp: Winnie and Frank Whiting (Marion), Eva and Charles Fillerup, Lillie and Martin Sanders, Nora and Sam Donaldson and Eliza and Charles Whiting . p. 354*].

[*Life in the Hachita camp soon settled down to routine work, to sorrow and sickness, worship and joy. ... The camp plumbing consisted of two trenches, his and hers, one on each end of the camp, screened in by burlap walls which were later replaced by unbleached muslin. ... The only source of water at the Hachita camp was from the large water tank at the depot, which the kind railroad officials immediately placed at the disposal of the refugees. Transporting the water was quite a problem and water wagons splashed back and forth most of the day. ...*

The women pursued their new task of feeding families on Government-issued rations cooked over the campfire. Because canned salmon dominated the government supplies, they knew they would serve salmon and their families knew they would eat salmon, but since the ladies exchanged recipes, no one was quite sure how it would be dished up. There was the standard salmon gravy often varied with the addition of hot biscuits, salmon patties, salmon loaf, and the delicious salmon roll offered by Ruthie Johnson Frederickson. There were salmon salads, salmon and macaroni casserole a la bake oven and also salmon sandwiches varied with a touch of vinegar or lemon. ...

In a way the commissary also furnished amusement for the children. They melted lead from the milk cans to make play money, made long trains of sardine cans to be drawn by tea kettle engines (the latter picked up at the city dump). When dried apples came in cartons, they cut out the beautiful red apples on the side, strung them into garlands and festooned their tents with them pps 348-351].

[*Each evening the people gathered to sing, dance and rejoice together. Often, people from Hachita joined the camp and they expressed astonishment that homeless people could be so happy and rejoice in that fashion. p. 352*.]

[*In spite of the unfavorable conditions of their life, some of the couples who had been 'keeping company' planned marriages, and camp weddings were arranged for Earl* [*Augustus*] *Lemon,* [*3XMH-GG*] *and Ivy Johnson* [*2SBW-J7, daughter of WDJ, Jr. and Lucy*] *and Douglas Harvey* [*6H6S-S9*] *and Bertha* [*Irene*] *Johnson,* [*4785-MD, sister of Eva Johnson Fillerup). Bertha was too timid to come out of the tent and face the crowd. So her father (James Parley Johnson) called out, "Marry her inside the tent then!" After each ceremony, husband and wife walked out of the large tent amid showers of rice and old shoes into a very uncertain future. pps 352-3*.]

[*When Diaz was abandoned the morning of July 28, 1912, it was impossible to move any cattle at that time. However, the latter part of August, a number of stockmen returned. They were successful in bringing out over a thousand head of cattle. They were trailed to Hachita where they were sold and shipped. When the first herd was brought out there were two stockmen who decided to*

leave their herd in Mexico, hoping that soon everyone would return... Andrew Peterson's herd in the Big pasture and Bishop Johnson's [*and Charles R. Fillerup's*] *herds in his pasture. p. 170.*

In the latter part of September, James Jacobson and his sons, (who had been authorized to bring out the Andrew Peterson herd), after riding all night, made an early dawn arrival at Diaz and immediately began rounding up all the cattle they could find and driving them north to Alamos Altos where they were corralled in a large enclosure. Next morning Rulon Peterson and Alma Adams of Colonia Diaz rode up. Neither party had been aware that the other was in the vicinity. They all joined in the drive, circling on the way to the Corner Ranch, still gathering cattle. That night camp was made at Monument Ranch ... (and they) crossed the line next morning at the Corner with some 500 head of cattle and drove them on to Hachita where they were sorted as to rightful owners and then sold. Some of the colonists from Hachita had met them at the line to help drive the herd to Hachita, among them, Otho Johnson (Moneta's brother). pps. 170,355.]

[*With the gathering and trailing out of the Andrew Peterson cattle from the Big pasture, this left but one remaining herd, that of Bishop Johnson (and Charles R. Fillerup). By the forepart of November, 1912, W.D. Johnson had decided to have these cattle rounded up and brought across the border and James Jacobson was authorized to bring them out. ... About the middle of November, the last of the Diaz cattle crossed the border. They were received at the Doyle Wells ranch by Otho and Roy Johnson and trailed from there to Columbus, New Mexico...where they arrived on Thanksgiving Day. p. 171.*]

[*The Diamond A Cattle Company, with headquarters for one of its three divisions at Hachita and another at the Culberson range near the border, offered considerable employment for the refugees. p. 346.*]

While living in the Hachita tent city following the exodus, many of the colonists were tempted to return to Diaz to attempt to rescue their cattle, furniture and supplies.These attempts were made when the area was supposedly free of revolutionist, but each was accompanied by a great deal of anxiety—and for good reason.

Elmer W. Johnson, Jr. was surprised on one such trip and captured by a group of the revolutionists who decided to hang him from a tree in his own yard. According to Annie R. Johnson, his wife:

Angry Pancho Villa.

(From Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, page 373.)

[*Just as they were bringing a horse on which to mount their victim, intending to whip it out from under him . . . Pancho Villa rode in from La Ascencion.Upon recognizing Elmer as an old friend he had known in Durango, Pancho became enraged . . . His face darkened, his eyes narrowed, hard as steel, and his tight lips hissed blasphemous threats as he slashed the offending cords and ropes binding his friend, and quirted nearby soldiers right and left . . . The men stood aghast as their well built and impressive General gave Elmer a gallant abrazo (hug) and invited him to a chicken dinner . . . chickens from Elmer's own flock. pps. 372-4.*]

[*There is more than one version about the burning of Colonia Diaz. The last trip made through Colonia Diaz before it was burned was made in February 1913 by the J.C. Bentley company on their way back to Juarez. They reached Colonia Diaz on February 2, 1913 and held church services at Verona Whiting's place, carrying the organ out under the trees. While testimonies were being borne the worshippers could hear the ribald curses of Sylvester Rojas' soldiers carousing in the church house. While visiting the wonderful library belonging to Bishop Johnson, Bentley was tempted to take some of the fine books, but he decided to honor the ownership as the Mexicans had done. Had he been able to look into the crystal ball of the near future, he would have felt justified in taking the entire library, for in a matter of days after his departure, Rojas burned*

The burned out schoolhouse.

the Johnson home along with some forty others along Main Street. One version of the burning says that while billeted in the spacious church house, Rojas chafed under the difference in beauty and development of the young Colonia Diaz as compared to the ancient La Ascencion and maligned the Mormons for filching Mexico's wealth. Another story is that during a cold February might, Rojas determined to build a fire big enough to get warm by and then set the church afire. Soon, forty soldiers each ignited a home and Main Street became an inferno of flame and passion. A third story was that while under the influence of "tequila", a vicious Mexican liquor, Rojas began accusing the Mormons of being Federal sympathizers ... and as revenge he ordered the town put to the torch, and ignited the church house himself. Whatever the true story, the fact remains that the dastardly deed turned to ashes both the town and the people's hopes of returning. pps 380-381.]

[*By the spring of 1913 the only Diazistes left in Hachita were those who had taken root, but they served as a connecting link between the scattered refugees and the "deserted village" in Mexico. ... Many people... accepted the offer of the United States Government to furnish tickets for transportation to any point within the United States. Many of the refugees chose to settle near the border to nurse their hopes and salvage what they could from Mexico ... Several families settled at Columbus, New Mexico, among whom were Charlesetta Johnson and sons, Otho and Roy. pps 356-359.*]

[*Note from Doadie: Charlesetta, like all of the other plural wives of the exiled Mormon colonists, could not accompany her husband, William Derby Johnson, Jr., because polygamy was illegal in the United States. Thus, it was only Lucy and their children who could accompany him to his new home. His other wives had to make new lives for themselves and their children just as Mary Evalean did.*]

[*Mary Evalean Johnson Fillerup writes: We stayed in this camp (at Hachita) until November, then I moved with my father (James Parley Johnson) to Thatcher, Arizona, where we were allowed to live in a vacant house during the winter. On the way to Thatcher, we stopped over night at the home of an acquaintance by the name of Jasper Gale. This was the first house my baby (Ross) had ever been in and he was then three month old. We lived in Thatcher from November until March, when my father decided to move to Blanding, in San Juan County, Utah. The place at the time being Grayson. Conditions were such that I could not go to my husband (Charles Richard Fillerup, Sr.), so was compelled to go with my parents.*]

[*She continues: Our company which left Thatcher on the 7th of March, 1913, consisted of my father and mother (Eliza Jane Rowley, 1C28-K1) and their unmarried children, one married sister, Lucy (Cordelia, 2TNS-K3, wife of Julian Asa Laws, 2TNS-JW) and her family, myself and two children, my father's cousin and a young man by the name of Charles R. Harvey. (Also Delbert Lorenzo 4HCJ-KF and his wife, Christina Bertha Andersen Johnson, G4N3-9R). We traveled by team and wagon and were on the road six weeks. During this time we encountered many hardships, such as snow storms, blizzards, high rivers, lots of mud and our provisions running very low, but we arrived in Grayson (Blanding) on April 17, 1913. My oldest*

brother John (Parley Johnson, 21WW-FV, married to Mary Edith Shumway, 21WW-G2) was living here and took us in and did all he could to make us comfortable. The day after our arrival we celebrated my mother's 49th birthday. Two weeks after arriving in Blanding, I moved into a tent and took in washing or anything I could get to do to earn a living for my children. While here, my baby (Ross) had a lingering illness for about six weeks, but was healed by the power of the Lord and grew to manhood].

[*The exodus from Colonia Diaz in 1912 and the subsequent dispersion of the people from the camp at Hachita, New Mexico, was the fountain of many strange experiences of the colonists – experiences which, otherwise, would have been highly improbable. They were suddenly no longer members of a united minority group in a foreign land with events shared equally by all. They found employment in businesses they had only read about before this disruption of their lives; they married companions they would never have met in Mexico. p.363*].

[*At one time in Diaz, when Bishop Johnson was thinking of the problem of intermarriages between families in small, isolated communities, he made the remark that it would be a good thing if the population of Colonia Diaz was scattered over the entire United States and this is what literally happened. p 359*].

We Go To Arizona

My cousin, Heber Johnson, who lived in Tucson, Arizona, wrote to us saying he had a job waiting for Papa in Tucson. The Government gave transportation on the railroad to all refugees from Mexico, to whatever part of the United States they wished to go. We had to go to El Paso to get the railroad passes. We sold our four horses and two wagons, and took the train to El Paso about the 18th of August. We left El Paso for Tucson on the 20th of August. Cousin Heber met us at the train in Tucson and took us to his home in Binghampton, a town about six miles north of Tucson. Ten of us, eight children, Papa and I, yet Cousin Heber and Cousin Lizzie made us feel so welcome and did everything they could to make us comfortable and happy. We were very grateful to them and appreciated their hospitality. Not many people would have taken ten people into their home and made them feel so welcome.

Three days after we arrived in Tucson, Papa started his work as supervisor of the Maggenheimer Farms, a large tract of land south of Tucson, adjoining the San Xavier Mission. The children and I stayed at Cousin Heber's for a week after Papa left, until he could find a house for us to live in. The house Papa rented for us was about a half mile from the old Mission. There was a school there and Wilma, Kathe, Charles and Leonard started school in September. It was here we spent our first Christmas in the United States, and for the first time in our married life, we were not with any of my family. It seemed lonely, but we were happy. We had no fireplace and the children were afraid that Santa Claus would not be able to find them, as we had been in Mexico before this time. We stretched a rope across the end of the front room and hung our ten stockings up. The children were delighted to find their stockings filled on Christmas morning. And we did have a happy Christmas.

January 1913, Papa [*39 years old*] received $500.00 from his father's estate. This enabled him to resign his position with the Tucson Farms and enroll for special classes in agriculture at the University of Arizona. On my [*31st*] birthday, January 29, 1913 we moved to Binghampton, six miles north of Tucson. Papa got a bicycle and rode it to and from the University. We lived near Fort Lowell and it was here that Linnie started to school. After school was out in May, we moved to Tucson and lived in a house just east of the University. During the summer, Charles made a little pushmobile and he and Leonard would go to the Ice Plant where the railroad cars were loaded and get ice for us every day. This little pushmobile was the first of many that Charles has made and developed into his "rebuilding" of cars as he was growing up.

While attending classes at the University, Papa worked on the campus with Dr. R.H. Forbes, Director of the Agriculture Extension Service at the University. In August, [*1913*], Dr. Forbes asked Papa if he would go to Cochise and take charge of the University of Arizona Experiment Station, which was just being started. President Rufus B. Von Kleinsmid wanted Papa to take the position, too, so he accepted. He was appointed Supervisor of the University of Arizona Experiment Station at Cochise. Cochise is in the Sulphur Springs Valley in southern Arizona.

Our Home In Cochise

We left Tucson by train to go to Cochise, the middle of September, 1913. The University of Arizona chartered a railroad car to take our furniture and other belongings. We took farm implements, a farm wagon, a span of mules, a cow and some chickens. Sims Ray was hired to go with the car and take care of the livestock. The only house available for us in Cochise was a small house near the Experiment Station, but it was comfortable. The five oldest children commenced school.

Papa hired several men to plow and prepare the ground for planting the different kinds of grain and other farm products that were to be experimented with in order to learn which grew best in Arizona. Most of the farming was dry farming. The University started building a house on the Farm. A well was drilled, a pump run by a gasoline engine was installed to furnish water for the house and animals and for irrigation. A tank was put up to store water. A barn, chicken house and chicken yard were built. We enjoyed a good winter vegetable garden this year. Mrs. Claudia Muse and her three sons and one daughter, were our nearest neighbors. She was a lovely person. Her sons, Horace and Charles, worked for the railroad and Meachum worked in the local store, Norton & Morgan. Willie, the daughter, taught school. At Thanksgiving time my sister Lue came from Columbus, New Mexico to visit and help me for a few weeks. A little daughter was born to us, December 3, 1913. We named her Fernith.

In February, 1914, we moved into town, into a house much larger and much more comfortable. It was the Morgan house. The children loved living in town and were called the "experiment children", laughingly, of course. However, Wilma [*14*] and Kathe [*13*] did not like it. There was only one other Latter-day Saint family in Cochise, the Herbert Merrill family from Safford. By living in town, we became acquainted with most of the people and there were some fine families, like the Utterbacks and the Hamiltons. My brothers, Otho and Roy, came from Columbus, New Mexico to work in Johnson, a small mining town a few miles west of Cochise and they spent the weekends with us.

By June, the house on the Farm was finished and we moved in. It was a lovely home. From the front porch, facing east, we could see the Dos Cabezos Mountains; to the south, the beautiful Dragoon Mountains, where the famous Dragoon Pass is located, and Cochise Stronghold, the place made famous by the Apache Indian Chief, Cochise, in his fight with the U.S. Army. The Stonghold was an excellent place for outings and picnics and was truly a beautiful place.

We really enjoyed our home. It was new and modern. There were seven rooms: a large living room, dining room, kitchen, **bathroom**, three bedrooms, Papa's office, just off the living room, and a large screened-in porch on the back. In November, my sister, Lue [*Lucy Annie*], came to live with us. Just before Christmas, my mother [*Charlesetta*], brother Otho and my two youngest sisters, Nona [*Zenona, 18WX-D9*] and Beulah [*Eliza, 18WX-GM*], came for a visit. This Christmas was wonderful. What

Wilma, Charles, Sr. and Moneta on the porch of the Cochise home.

a happy time we had! On New Years' Eve, the Muse family were with us. We had a party and stayed up to see the New Year in – 1915.

On January 3rd, Papa went to Tucson to attend the Extension Service Convention. It was the first, of what turned out to be, an annual convention in Tucson, which Papa attended every year for the following twenty-five years.

On my mother's [*54th*] birthday, February 10th, I gave a party for her, inviting twelve ladies. My mother enjoyed this party and it was the last one I was ever to give for her. She and my brother, Otho and my sisters, Nona and Beulah, left for their home in Columbus, New Mexico a short time later. My father came to visit us for two weeks in August. I have always been happy that we had him with us for that visit, for it was the last time I was to see him. [*He died in Tucson on 17 October, 1923 at age 73.*]

On October 20, 1915, a little son was born to us. We named him Andrew Derby [*57DZ-NB*] for his two grandfathers. When Derby was seven days old, [*University*] President Von Kleinsmid

William Derby Johnson, Jr. in Cochise on old Holly, his favorite horse.

Holly was stolen in March of 1916, in Pancho Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

came to Cochise to look over the Experiment Station. He insisted on coming in and seeing me and the baby. He even held Derby in his arms and said the he was the University baby. I was still in bed, of course, and Wilma and Kathe had prepared dinner, including hot biscuits, which President Von Kleinsmid never forgot. He has been a wonderful family friend all through the years.

I mentioned the span of mules that the University sent to Cochise. They were big mules and some of the men Papa had working for him were afraid of them. Yet Charles, just eleven years old, drove them on the plow, the harrow and the disc, handling them with ease and without fear. Mr. Reed, one of the men, couldn't even drive them without trouble. Charles was paid wages, and so was Leonard, who did hoeing and cultivating. They earned money enough to buy themselves bicycles and clothes. We were very proud of them.

We Move To Snowflake, Arizona

The Department of Agriculture, in connection with the University of Arizona, was going to start Extension work in Navajo and Apache Counties in the northern part of the State. President Von Kleinsmid and Dr. Forbes wanted Papa to be the County Agricultural Agent for both counties. President Von Kleinsmid had asked me before if I would be willing to go up there, when he was in Cochise in October. And now, the first week in November, he asked me again. I did not want to go, but felt that if it was better for Papa, then, of course, I would. So when Derby was only three weeks old, Papa left for Snowflake, in Navajo County. I was so unhappy about it, and if it had not been for Lue being with me, I do not know what I would have done. We moved from the Experiment Farm house into Mr. Payne's home, and when Derby was six weeks old, we left Cochise. My mother came to see me before we left. I was so grateful for that because I did not see her again. [*Charlesetta died in Columbus, New Mexico on 14 February 1917, at age 56.*]

We left Cochise on December 13, 1915. Mr. Payne took us to the train. I was so worried about traveling with a baby just six weeks old and having to change trains three times. The weather in northern Arizona was very cold and all in all it was almost too much. But the children were so well behaved and Derby did not cry at all. We made the train changes at Maricopa, Phoenix and Ashfork. Lue was with me and we had no trouble at all. We arrived in Holbrook on the 15th. Papa was waiting for us, with our first automobile, a Model T Ford, brass trimming and all. Papa had John Willis of Snowflake, with him with his car, to help take us all [*3 adults and ten children!*] to Snowflake, twenty-eight miles south of Holbrook. I shall never forget how cold and bleak the country was, all the way from Holbrook to Snowflake; snow and cold wind.

The first house we lived in at Snowflake, was a little three-room house owned by Pratt Larson. It was on the west side of town near Cottonwood Wash. We were so very crowded and uncomfortable. We had to rent a bedroom from Nellie Smith, a block away, because we did not have room enough for all of us in the house to sleep. Are you wondering how it was possible for thirteen people to live in three small rooms? Well, now after forty years, I wonder myself. We had to carry water from across the street and there was so much snow that a path had to be shoveled most every morning. Everyone had to wear overshoes every time we went out of doors. Water and milk would freeze solid right in the kitchen, and even the potatoes and vegetables would be frozen. Papa was born and raised in Provo, Utah, so snow was not a new experience for him, but the children and I had never lived where it was cold enough to snow. You can see why I did not like Snowflake and was so unhappy about our living conditions. It

Town of Snowflake in the winter.

was the first time Papa's work had ever taken him away from home. He was the County Agricultural Agent for both Apache and Navajo Counties, so of course, he had to be in Apache County half of the time.

Lue left Snowflake two weeks after we arrived, going over to St. Johns in Apache County, where our two sisters, Winnie [*married to Frank Whiting*] and Beryl [*married to Earnest "J" Whiting, Sr., 19C2-02*] lived. I knew I would be able to see and visit my sisters from time to time, and of course, was happy about that. In January, Papa took me to St. Johns to see them. What a happy meeting it was for us.

Derby took cold and it settled in his ears and he was sick all winter. The women of Snowflake were very kind to us, and especially do I remember the kindness of May Larson, Nellie Freeman, Lucy Shumway, Belle Flake, Della Smith, Nellie Smith and Della Hunt. One reason we had come to Snowflake was so the children could grow up in a Latter-Day Saint community. The University wanted Papa to be in Holbrook, but we felt it best for the children to be in Snowflake.

Christmas this year of 1915 was our first Christmas with snow on the ground and a Christmas tree. The children were so excited. Papa brought home a beautiful little fir tree. It touched the ceiling and the children were thrilled! We still did not have a fire place, but twelve stocking were hung and the tree trimmed by the children. We made the decorations. I showed the children how to make paper chains, bells, stars and baskets, and we made pop corn strings, too. Wilma and Kathe remembered how to do many of these things, from what I had taught them as little children. When they were four and five years old, kindergarten was a new thing in child education. There were private kindergarten schools in New York City, Chicago and St. Louis. I took a course in kindergarten work by correspondence in 1905 and 1906 for the benefit of my children. I introduced it in Colonia Diaz. Once a month, I would receive instructions and materials through the mail. Some of the things I taught the children included how to weave mats and to make things of paper, crepe paper and pasteboard, such as the little baskets, fancy boxes and party favors I used

for the children's parties. The little baskets were made by punching holes all around pieces of stiff paper or pasteboard and lacing them together with ribbon or yarn. Sometimes we colored them, using water colors or crayolas. Wilma and Kathe were the first children in Colonia Diaz to have kindergarten training and Papa was so pleased about it. He encouraged me and was so proud, but my mother thought it was a lot of foolishness. In later years, after we came to the United States and my younger children went to school and attended public kindergarten classes, it was interesting to know that they were taught many of the very same things I had taught Wilma, Kathe, Charles and Leonard as little children in Mexico.

But getting back to our first Christmas in Snowflake, we did have a happy time and it was exciting for the children to have a Christmas tree and snow on the ground. Of course, Santa Claus came and all twelve stockings were filled. Papa took Wilma and Kathe to their first dance in Snowflake. Yes, Papa danced with both of the girls; you see, I know what some of you younger children are thinking.

In February, 1916, we moved into Milo Webb's house. We had more room, but we still had to carry water. In Snowflake, at that time, there were very few water pumps, nearly everyone still used open wells, drawing it up with buckets. Every home did not have a well, so those who didn't, carried it from a neighbor's well.

I have mentioned before that my mother, my brothers and two youngest sisters were living in Columbus, New Mexico. They had an exciting time when Francisco [*Pancho*] Villa, the Mexican Rebel, raided Columbus, "right under the nose of the United States Army", as my brother Otho, said. There was a large Army Post at Columbus, and my brothers Otho, Roy and [*Ivan*] Clare [*18WX-53*] had a contract with the Army to supply them with beef. They also had a grocery store there. The Mexicans really "shot up the town". There was plenty of excitement, all right. My, the stories Otho and Roy could tell about it.

[*Although Columbus was in the United States, it, like Colonia Diaz, suffered indignities at the hands of Mexican revolutionists who felt that their rights had been violated. When the United States placed an embargo on guns and ammunition to Mexico, thereby closing Villa's much needed supply, and then transported Obregon's army across U.S. soil to Agua Prieta in time to entrench and defeat Villa's army, Villa determined upon a reprisal drastic enough to threaten the lives of all Gringos in Northern Chihuahua and to destroy the town of Columbus, New Mexico. p. 382*]

[*Early in the morning of March 19, 1916, Villa and his troops made a surprise attack on Columbus. Under the cover of darkness, Villa brought his men to within one-half mile of Columbus and here he divided them into two groups. One group stealthily entered the Thirteenth Cavalry camp, seized many cavalry horses and saddles and rode them off across the line into Mexico. The camp was so completely taken by surprise that guns and ammunition were still safely locked away and many of the officers ... still rested peacefully at home. p. 383.*]

[*... Villa's second group headed for the business section of town, intent upon plunder and revenge against the Gringos. Their route led them past the home of Charlesetta Johnson formerly of Colonia Diaz, Mexico. The familiar shout of "Via Villa, Viva Mexico!" awakened the Johnsons and their houseguests, Rue (Buchanan) Lemmon (and Tessie Johnson Lemmon) and family, to three hours of the hell they had fled Mexico to escape.*

By the time clothes were jerked on, the house was surrounded by shouting Villistas and hordes of Mexican cavalry galloped unhampered through town shouting Mata Los Gringos! (Kill the Gringos) p. 384.]

[*At the Johnson home, Rue had his wife, Tessie and her children lay flat on the floor where Otho Johnson had also placed his mother and all were covered with mattresses as protection against bullets. The men, Otho, Roy and Rue then crouched beneath the windows with cocked rifles. Even as they watched, four of their horses (including "Holly," William Derby's favorite horse) were stolen from the corral and led past the window and out through the front gate. It was with difficulty that Otho prevented the other two men from firing. p. 384.*]

[*The invaders robbed the bank, looted stores and robbed the hotel guests, killing four of them. They set fire to the Lemmon and Romney Stores and The Commercial Hotel. Ruthie (Johnson) Frederickson said that as her husband, Alma, fled north with his family seeking safety in a dugout shelter, a bullet passed so near her head that she heard its whine and its air passage blew her hair. Violence and pillage was rampant ... When the U.S. army had finally readied its defense, the firelight made easy targets of the Mexicans ... finally, about daybreak, a Mexican bugler sounded retreat, but not before Villa had almost accomplished his purpose, for Columbus was so devastated that she never completely recovered. It was reported that nine civilians and nine army men were killed and many wounded. Many deeds of bravery*

An article by Jerry Flemmons of the Fort Worth Star Telegram was reprinted in the Arizona Republic on 2 September, 1995:

"Columbus is somewhat isolated, ... three miles from the Mexican border, [which is] only an invisible line in the desert. There is a Mexican town, Palomas, and a single border-crossing kiosk that doesn't seem to do much business.

In the early morning of March 9, 1916, Pancho Villa and a thousand men – 'Villistas' – crossed near Palomas and made their way toward Columbus.

Another fact of Columbus in 1916, is that it had an Army post, Camp Furlong, and 300 soldiers of the 13th Cavalry, most of whom were asleep when the 'Villistas' arrived at 4:15 a.m. A sentry shouted, 'Who goes there?' The answer: 'Viva México!' Shots were fired.

Villa's troops burned several houses and the Commercial Hotel, looted stores and fired into homes. Once organized, the U.S. troops began counterattacking, and after two hours, forced the Mexicans out of Columbus, chasing them back across the border. Much of Columbus was gone – burned or shot to pieces."

The raid left eighteen Americans dead and eight others wounded; 90 of the Mexican soldiers were killed and 23 wounded according to the Columbus Historical Society. (8 March 1975)

Pancho Villa Story Epilogue

Article appearing in the Arizona Republic newspaper, dated December 5, 1966:

MEXICO CITY (AP) Francisco (Pancho) Villa is officially a hero.

The Mexican Senate decided this week that Villa's name will be inscribed in gold in congress as an authentic "Hero of the Revolution."

The 168 – 16 vote came after stormy debate by survivors of the 1910 revolution—some who fought at Villa's side and some who fought against him.

There was never any doubt that Villa played an important part in the revolution against Porfirio Diaz. He didn't stop there—he also fought against several governments established after the revolution and eventually was assassinated in 1923.

The "Centaur of the North" from the State of Chihuahua also mixed in some banditry. Some Mexicans spoke against making him a hero because his banditry drew a retaliatory punitive expedition from the United States and marred international relations.

He occasionally raided across the U. S. border and once sacked Columbus, N. M. An expedition led by Gen. John J. (Blackjack) Pershing gave chase across Mexico's northern desert but never captured Villa.

The names inscribed on the wall of Mexico's House of Deputies include those of former presidents Obregon and Carranza, both of whom Villa fought with and against, and other famous in the revolution that led to modern Mexico.

The movement in Congress to make Villa respectable was started by Jose Martinez Valles, a deputy who was Villa's best man in 1916.

Villa's widow said she felt her husband's name had been vindicated by the Senate action.

were noted. During the next ten days some three hundred and sixty Mexican corpses were burned by making a pyre of railroad ties alternated with bodies then oiled and burned. p. 384-6].

[*Wilma Fillerup Turley remembers well Pancho Villa and his raids and driving all Gringos out of Mexico.*

"I knew three men he killed in 1917; executed on Mexican soil, after being kidnapped in the United States at the 'corner' as we called it, near Hachita, New Mexico. Hugh Acord (20 years old) and Andy Peterson, both of Diaz and one of their old cowboys, Burton Jensen. A sad time, indeed." (Details of their kidnapping, torture and murder

on pp 387, 388 in Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz.)]

[*Wilma Fillerup Turley worked in the Mesa Arizona Temple for many years and recorded, "Bro. Mecham and Bro. John Hatch did the Temple work for Pancho Villa, Nov. 1966. Bro. Whitten, Pancho's good friend, dreamed Villa desired this in such an impressive manner, that he knew it was the right thing to do."*]

In June, 1916, we moved again, into the Neils Hansen house up by the Academy. It was more convenient for the children in school. Genevieve started to school in September, and in October, we *moved again!* This time to the Angus Willis house, a block north of where we later built our own house. And finally in January, 1917, we moved into our own house. It had a porch all the way around the house. During the summer, we bought a cow and some chickens. Mr. Osterlo gave Genevieve a dog named Coconino, called Coco for short. Edith Willis gave Vilda a cat, so we had pets once more.

I should mention that Papa was offered a position with the Extension Service in New Mexico, in January 1916. Professor Cooley of the University of New Mexico, made the offer. President Von Kleinsmid, Dr. Forbes and Stanley F. Morse, State Leader of the Extension Service, wired and wrote Papa not to accept the offer. One wonders, sometimes whether it would have been an advantage or disadvantage had Papa accepted. He had offers from other counties in Arizona, later on. And shortly after World War I, he was offered a position in Yucatan, Mexico. He was one of the two men recommended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture for the position. Papa loved the State of Arizona and I doubt if he would have been happy anywhere else.

In August, 1916, Papa went to the Hopi Indian Snake dance on the Hopi Indian Reservation. Wilma went with him, in company with some of the Extension Service workers. They were in and out of our home all of the time. We enjoyed having them, and especially liked Hazel Zimmerman, Agnes Hunt, Dr. Oscar Bartlett,

Grandpa Fillerup's ingenious method of transporting calves to upgrade Jersey cattle in Navajo and Apache Counties. Often he carted bare-root trees or other plants in his old Ford to distribute to distant farmers or ranchers.

Dr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Professors John J. Thornbury and G.E.P. Smith and, of course, our very good friend, Dr. Forbes. Many are the times when we made gallons – yes, gallons – of ice cream, with Professors Smith, Barnes and Bartlett turning the freezer and Misses Hunt and Zimmerman helping with the food preparation. One of the Home Demonstrators, Rosa Bouton, Papa always called Ma Bouton. Why, I don't know, but Ma Bouton she was.

Papa usually went to the Snake Dance every year. He wanted the children to see everything of interest, so he would take first one and then the other to such places as the Snake Dance, Petrified Forest, Painted Desert and the younger children he took to the Grand Canyon. In December, 1921, Papa, Kathe, Leonard and Dr. Cook of the University went to the famous Shalako Dances in Zuni, New Mexico.

Grandpa is proud of cheese and honey produced in "his" counties.

My mother died on February 14, 1917 and it was the first great sorrow in my life. She was buried in Columbus, New Mexico. How glad I was that she had come to see me before we left Cochise.

In January, 1917, I [*34*] was made first counselor in the Snowflake Ward Relief Society with Minnie K. Stratton as President. During World War I, we did a lot of Red Cross work. Charles [*14*] graduated from the District School in May. We bought a piano this summer. In August, the younger children and I, (Helen [*9*], Genevieve [*8*], Vilda [*5*], Fernith [*3*] and Derby [*2*]), spent three weeks with Beryl and Earnest (Whiting) at the Whiting Sawmill in the White Mountains. In September, Papa took Derby and me with him on his trip with Professors Smith and Thornbury into the White Mountains, going through the little towns of Nutrioso, Alpine, Eager and Springville. We came home by way of St. Johns, the Petrified Forest and Holbrook. Vilda started to school in September 1917. We bought a small farm from Jim Frost, located east of town. This Christmas, we invited Rufus Crandell, Dicie Brimhall and Louie Van Wagoner, teachers at the Academy, for Christmas dinner.

August 17, 1918, a little son was born to us. He was born on my brother, Otho's birthday, so we named him Otho Wilfred [*57DZ-PH*] [*Wilma gave him the name Wilfred – for herself and Fred Turley, whom she married June 1, 1920*]. In September my sister, Winnie, and her husband Francis (Frank) M. Whiting and their three children moved to Snowflake. Frank was a teacher in the Academy. They lived across the street and just north of us. I was so happy to have a sister living near us, and Thanksgiving and Christmas were made happier for us because of their presence in Snowflake.

When Leonard was thirteen years old, he had a little moving picture projector and reels of film with cartoons and pictures. He had shows

Moneta and daughters, Snowflake, 1919

Linnie, Helen, Wilma, Grandma, Kathe
Genevieve, Fernith and Vilda, 1919.
(Twins, Phyllis and Ruby, were born in 1922.)

for the neighborhood children. When he was fourteen years old, he worked for Lyle Updyke, operating the motion picture machine for the town movies. He also worked at the Snowflake Herald Office, helping Mr. Jones, the printer. He saved enough money to buy a small printing press and made a little room on the southeast corner of our porch to put his printing press in. He edited and sent out copies of his little paper that he called "The Navajo Chief". It had the picture of the head of an Indian Chief on the cover. He sent a copy to Governor Campbell of Arizona, which had the Governor's picture on the front page and received a letter of acknowledgment from the Governor.

Wilma [*19*] and Kathe [*17*] graduated from the Snowflake Stake Academy in April 1919. In July, the younger children and I spent two weeks at the Whiting Sawmill with Beryl [*28*] and her family. We visited with Winnie and her family in Vernon. In August, Winnie [*31*] and Frank came back to Snowflake and lived in the same house across the street. My sister, Nona [*18*], came from Columbus to attend school and live with Frank and Winnie. I recall the happy hours I spent with Winnie that winter. I had been released from Relief Society and was President of the Snowflake Ward Primary Association.

Papa was in Lakeside on Christmas Eve of 1919 and the snow was so deep he was not able to get home that night. He telephoned that he would not be home until the next morning. Wilma and Fred [*Frederick Andrew Turley, 3KM6-XV*], Kathe and Bob [*James Robert Freeman, 77NO-HC*], Nona and Marshall Flake played with the children's toys and things and helped Santa Claus fill the stockings. Nona was with us so there were fourteen stockings all hanging in a row. It was lonely without Papa on Christmas Eve; it was the first time in our married life that he was not with me. Papa loved Christmas and how he did enjoy seeing the long row of stockings hanging, ready to be filled to the top by Santa Claus. The stockings were always hung in the same order with the names (written on slips of paper) pinned securely to the tops: Papa, Mama, Wilma, Kathe, Charles, Leonard, Linnie, Helen, Genevieve, Vilda, Fernith, Derby and Otho. After Wilma and Kathe were married and the twins were born, their names were added, so there were still thirteen stockings.

The children all well remember that on Christmas morning, Papa always took his filled stocking down, carefully folded the top over, removed his name, and put the stocking away to be enjoyed later. And everywhere that Papa went, the stocking was sure to go. In a drawer at the office; in his traveling bag, it would go to Tucson, come back, somewhat empty, and back into the desk drawer it would go. Soon the stocking was all empty and folded flat.

Our Family Is Growing Up

Wilma and Fred planned to be married on June 1, 1920. The last week in May, my brother Otho, his wife Vola [*Kathlyn Vola Tarwater, 5SVFPW*] and their small son came from Columbus, New Mexico. My sister, Persis [*Harriet Persis Johnson, 2SBW-LK, age 22, daughter of Lucy Elizabeth Brown and W.D.J, Jr.*], came from Tucson for the wedding. Nona was with us.

About the 27th of May, while I was at a Primary Union Meeting, Otho, then about 22 months, was playing with Derby on the north porch. As Derby told us later, they were chewing dried beans and Otho started to cry and choked on the beans, drawing some of the bean pieces down into his bronchial tubes, causing him to strangle and lose consciousness. My brother, Otho, came for me at the meeting. We had no doctor in Snowflake; the nearest one was in Winslow, a distance of thirty-five miles. Dr. Bazell came and after his examination said that Otho had pneumonia. Otho did not have a cold; the particles of the beans had caused congestion and pneumonia. Dr. Bazell gave us no hope for Otho's recovery.

Papa called Silas Fish and Raymond Stratton in to help administer to Otho. All through the days and nights, Otho continued to have choking spells and then would lose consciousness. Prayer circles were held for him by the Priesthood and the Relief Society Sisters. Papa and the other Elders administered to Otho daily. He was calmer when I held him on my lap on a pillow, so I sat in the rocking chair by the bed and held him. Whenever I put him on the bed or tried carefully to put him on someone else's lap, he would start to cry and choke and lose consciousness again. So I sat, holding him on my lap through the days and nights, leaving him only when it was absolutely necessary.

On May 30th we sent for Patriarch John Hatch in Taylor to come and help Papa administer to Otho. Just before they put their hands on his head, he had another choking spell, but before they had finished the administration, he recovered. A few moments later he choked again and it looked as if he were dead. Patriarch Hatch could feel no heart beat nor could he detect any breathing or pulse beat. He said, quickly, "Call the family in." Besides Papa and I, Wilma, Kathe, Charles, Leonard, my brother Otho, Vola, Nona and Brother and Sister Raymond Stratton were there. Brother Hatch said, "All of you kneel and pray; exercise all the faith you can." And he and Papa put their hands on Otho's little head and Brother Hatch pleaded with our Heavenly Father that, if it was according to His will, that Otho's life be spared and that he be restored to life and health. He then gave Otho a wonderful blessing.

Before their hands were removed from his head, Otho gasped for breath and we could see life returning to his little body. Brother Hatch then said, "I wish all of you here to remember what has just happened, because you have seen the dead restored to life; this little boy was as dead as he will ever be, and God in His mercy has restored his life." Then Patriarch Hatch told us that he had been promised in his patriarchal blessing that he would be instrumental in restoring life to the dead, and that this was a fulfillment of that promise. We were all deeply impressed, thankful and very grateful to our Heavenly Father for this marvelous blessing. Papa and I were so humbly and reverently thankful for the restoration of our little son.

Although Otho continued to have severe choking spells, they were not as bad or as frequent, but the little fellow was getting so very weak. We continued to have him administered to every night. I still held him on my lap, day and night. Papa would lie on the bed, close to where I sat in the rocker with Otho.

Wilma [*20*] and Fred were married on June 1, 1920 by Bishop William C. Smith. The wedding was held in the Social Hall. Sarah Bushman stayed with us while the family went to the wedding. Neither Papa nor I were at the wedding, because Otho continued to have choking spells and it seemed many times that he would not recover. All the visiting relatives left the next day and Wilma and Fred left for Salt Lake City to be sealed in the Temple.

There was apparently no change in Otho's condition and Papa sent for Dr. Bouldin in St. Johns. When he came, he examined Otho and said he thought he had some particles of something in his bronchial tubes and must be given something strong enough to dislodge those particles (which we afterwards discovered were pieces of dried beans). Dr. Bouldin stayed with us all one day and one night, watching Otho and giving him the medicine. He said that the medicine would ruin his teeth, but would cut the phlegm and dislodge the particles. Within a few hours, Otho began to cough and instead of choking, he would spit up phlegm with particles of beans in it. Our neighbors and friends were so kind to help us, and I want to especially mention Nellie Freeman [*J.R. Freeman's mother*], Silas Fish, Raymond and Millie Stratton, Pearl Frost and Hattie Bailey.

During the night of June 12th, Otho became very restless. Nellie Freeman and Hattie Bailey were sitting up with me (every night, one or two ladies would stay through the night with me so that Papa could get a little rest). This night I speak of, June 12th, Otho seemed worse, so we called Papa. Otho kept looking up at the ceiling in the northeast corner of the bedroom; he looked like he was listening and looking at some one. Than all at once he shook his little head and turned to me, smiled and raised his little arms to put them around my neck. Very shortly after that, he went to sleep quietly and had the first natural sleep he had had in more than two weeks. From that time on, he recovered very rapidly. All of us were so deeply grateful and thankful to our Heavenly Father for healing our darling little son. Raymond Stratton related this in Testimony Meeting in the Snowflake Ward. The "miraculous healing of little Otho Fillerup" in his testimony is recorded in the Ward record, in the minutes of the Fast Meeting held on Sunday, July 4, 1920.

In July there was whooping cough in Snowflake. Papa thought I had better take Otho and the small children away, so I went to visit Beryl at the Whiting Sawmill. We did have such a good time and went over to Vernon to visit Winnie. Little did I think, when I told her goodbye, that I would never see her again alive. Dr. Bouldin said she must have gall stones removed, so Frank took her to Albuquerque, New Mexico for the operation. Winnie called me on the telephone from Holbrook just as she and Frank

"The lovely Johnson girls, Charlesetta's daughters, my aunts whom I loved and knew so well until we moved from Mexico."

Back row: Lue (Lucy) and Nona (Zenona)
Front row: Mama (Moneta), Beulah and Beryl. 1921.
(Winnie had passed away 7 October 1920.)"
(From Wilma Fillerup Turley's album.)

were leaving on the train. The operation was successful and Winnie [32] seemed all right, but three days later, on October 7th, she died quietly in her sleep.

The Christmas of 1920, Wilma and Fred joined us for Christmas dinner. We were happy to be all together again. Otho's close call to death was still very fresh in our minds.

On February 27, 1921, Wilma and Fred's first child was born, a son they named Stanley Frederick Turley. He was born in our home in Snowflake. Papa and I were so proud to be grandparents. Charles [*18*] graduated from the Snowflake Stake Academy in May 1921 and in September, Derby started to school. Fernith started to school the year before, September 1919, so now just little Otho was the only one not in school. In October, I resigned as President of the Snowflake Ward Primary Association. On December 23, 1921, Kathe [*20*] and Bob [*James Robert Freeman, 77N0-HC*] were married in Holbrook.

1922 — A Year Of Many Changes

On February 22, 1922, twin daughters were born to us. We named them Phyllis [*57DZ-QN*] and Ruby [*57DZ-RT*]. Charles named Ruby. We had not thought of having twins, so had made preparation and clothing for only one. The ladies of our Relief Society made two complete layettes, just alike; very complete with everything I needed for the twins. I was very ill for several weeks after their birth. Our little twin

daughters were a joy and delight to Papa and me. [*Note from Doadie: The combined weight of the twins was almost 20 pounds according to Dorothy Jones Fillerup. Moneta hemorrhaged so badly that bed sheets were used to help staunch the flow of blood.*]

The last part of March, Bob [*Freeman*] went to Cottonwood, Arizona to work and Kathe stayed with us until May 13th when she joined Bob. Linnie [*16*] and Helen [*14*] graduated from District School in May. During the Spring and early summer, Charles [*19*] worked with Ike Rogers in Navajo and Apache Counties with the U.S. Pest Control. Later in the summer, he went to Los Angeles, California and attended the National Automotive School. He returned home in time to start school in Flagstaff, Arizona in September, enrolling at the State Normal College. He won the Northern Arizona State Tennis Championship and played varsity football. He broke his nose and big toe, but he won his letter.

Wilma and Fred's second son was born June 18, 1922 in Aripine. He was named Grant Marion Turley. On the 17th of October, 1922, a son was born to Kathe and Bob in Cottonwood. He was named James Robert Freeman, Jr. So during the year 1922, we had four added to our family: twin daughters and two grandsons. This Christmas of 1922 was the first time that all of our family were not with us for Christmas. Wilma and Fred had two little sons and wanted to spend Christmas in their own home; Kathe and Bob and their little son were in Cottonwood. But our little twin daughters were with us, so there were still thirteen of us in the family at home to hang up our stockings.

February 22, 1923 the twins were one year old and I made two little birthday cakes and put one candle on each. Leonard [*18*] graduated from the Snowflake Stake Academy in May, and in June went to Raton, New Mexico to work for three months. While he was there, he had a narrow escape from death. He was riding in a car with two other boys and was sitting in the middle. As they went around a curve of a mountain, where the road crossed the railroad tracks, the boys did not see a train coming. The train struck their car, killing the other two boys and throwing Leonard through the top of the car into a sand bank. He was bruised and hurt, but no bones were broken. The first of September, Kathe, Bob and Bobby spent a few days with us before leaving for Los Angeles to make their home. My father died in Tucson, Arizona on October 17, 1923.

In January 1924, Derby [*8*] was stricken with a serious kidney infection. He was critically ill and had two convulsions. Papa was in Tucson, so I sent for Silas Fish and Raymond Stratton to come and administer to him, then called Dr. Neal Haywood. Derby was so sick and Dr. Haywood spent several hours with him. Silas Fish stayed every night until Papa came home, so there would be some one holding the Priesthood in the house. And I know that it was only through faith and prayers that Derby was healed.

Genevieve [*14*] graduated from District School in May, 1924. Leonard [*20*] was called on a Mission to the Southern States. He left home on the 27th of September, 1924 for Salt Lake City, going by way of Los Angeles and San Pedro, California to visit a day or two with Kathe and Bob. Charles [*21*] had graduated from the State Normal College in Flagstaff in June, 1924 and started to teach school in Flagstaff in September. Otho started to school in September 1924.

[Mary *Evalean Fillerup writes: In October 1914 I was permitted to go to the Salt Lake Temple and receive my endowments. I worked as a teacher in the Primary for two or three years, then as Relief Society Teacher and then as a secretary of the Primary for about seven*

Moneta with twins, Phyllis and Ruby, 1922.

years. On October 1, 1924, my daughter, Hester [*19*], *(7MWQ-42) was married to Hyrum Taylor Black (1JZ3-MS) and I again had the privilege of going to the Temple, this time to work for the dead. In December (10th) 1924, my father (James Parley Johnson, (64) 19TS-GX) passed to the great beyond and three years later, Mother, (Eliza Jane Rowley, 1C28-K1, age 63, 8 June 1928) followed him*.].

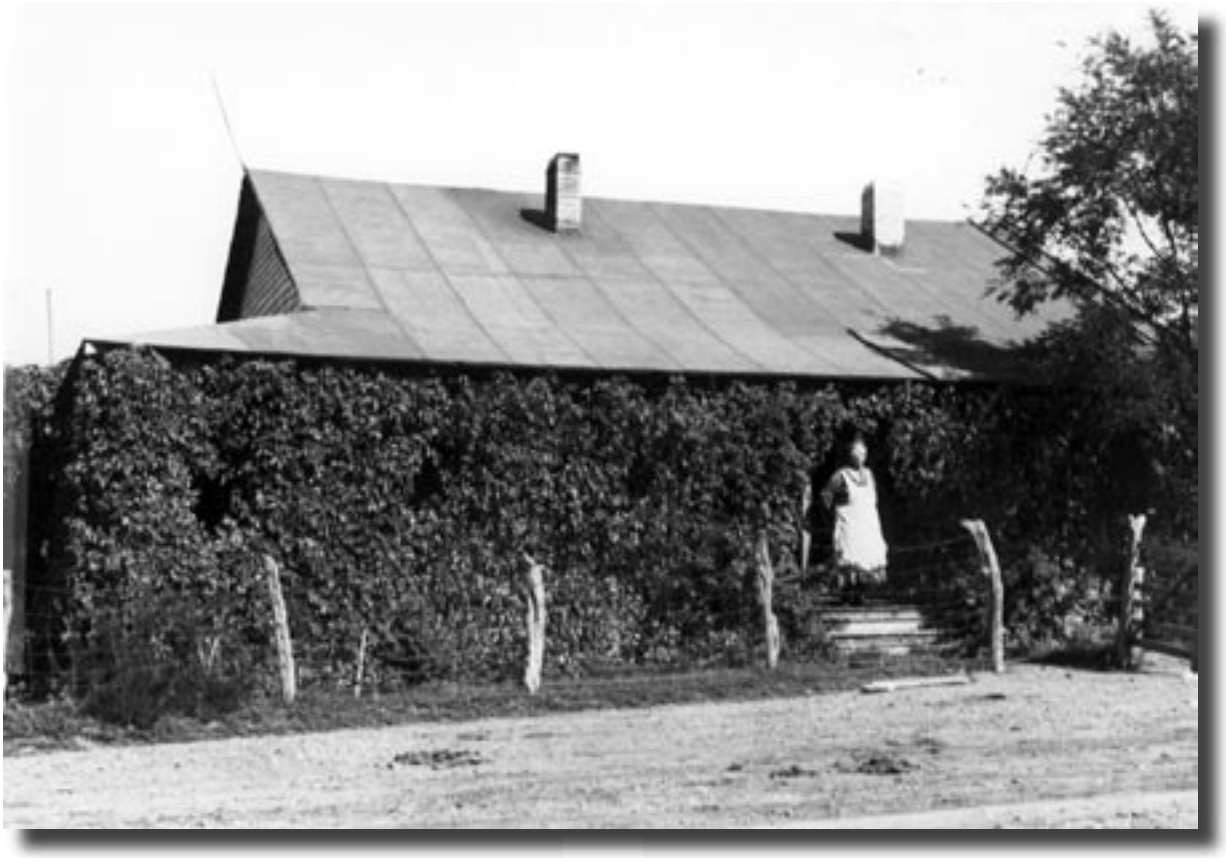
January 16, 1925 Charles and Dorothy [*Dorothylue Jones*] were married in Flagstaff. Linnie [*19*] and Helen [*17*] graduated from High School in May. I should explain that the Snowflake Stake Academy was Church owned and Leonard was the last to graduate from the Academy before it was turned over to the State. Its name was changed to Snowflake Union High School. Linnie attended Summer School in Flagstaff, then in September she and Helen both enrolled in college. Vilda [*14*] graduated from District School in May, starting the fall term at the Union High School.

Our Tenth Year In Snowflake

We had been in Snowflake ten years, December 1925. How different things were than when we first came. We now had electric lights, an electric iron and washer and plenty of milk, cream and butter. Papa had made a name for himself in his work in Navajo and Apache Counties. I was so proud of Papa and the children.

A little daughter was born to Dorothy and Charles in Flagstaff on March 8, 1926. They named her Dorothy Lucile Fillerup. On May 14, 1926 a little daughter was born to Wilma and Fred in Aripine. She was named Wanda May Turley. Leonard returned from his mission in December and Kathe, Bob and Bobby came from Los Angeles to spend Christmas with us. What a wonderful Christmas we had that year.

Leonard enrolled for school at the State Normal College in Flagstaff in January 1927 and worked for the Newspaper, "Coconino Sun". Linnie and Helen were also there at school. In July Leonard went to Los Angeles to work. Linnie



Moneta on the porch of their vine-covered home in Snowflake.

and Helen graduated from the State Normal College in June 1928. I went to Flagstaff to see them graduate. Papa was in Tucson with the 4-H Club boys and girls, so he could not attend. In July, Kathe and Bobby came from Los Angeles to visit for three weeks. I had a severe attack of gall stones while Kathe was there.

Linnie left for Safford in September to teach school. Helen went to Zeniff (*Arizona*) to teach school. The twins started school in September, 1928. Genevieve [19] graduated from High School in May and enrolled at the University of Arizona at Tucson in September. At the Future Farmers Fair, in the fall, Derby was chosen to be one of the judges of cattle. Otho led his and Derby's heifer and bull calves at the Fair, while they were being shown. The bull calf acted up and about spoiled the show.

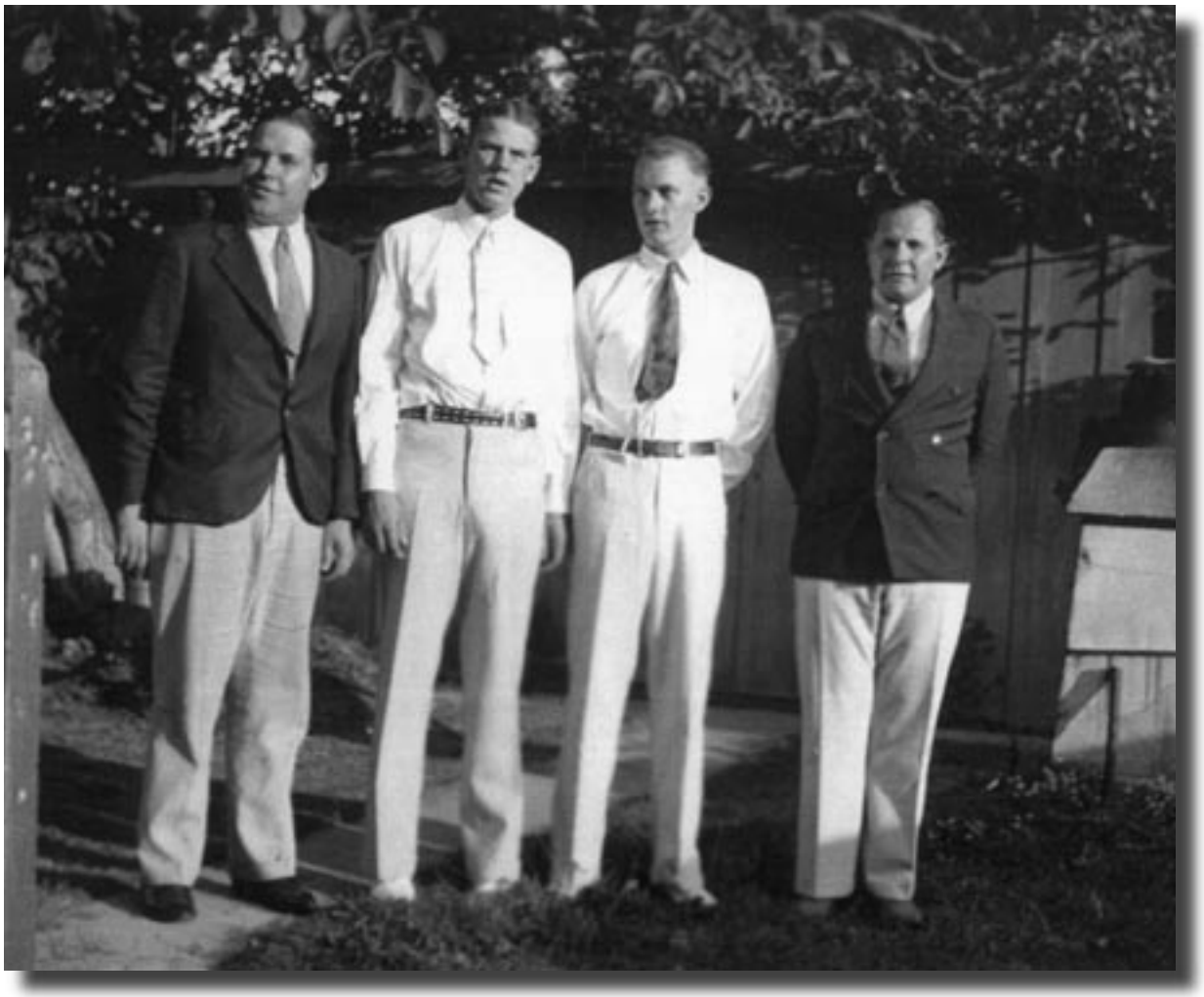
Linnie [*22*] and Herbert [*Ray Montierth, 7BBX-86*] were married December 19, 1928 in the Arizona Temple [*Mesa*]. On June 22, 1929, a son was born to Dorothy and Charles in Flagstaff and they named him Charles Roderick Fillerup. During the summer, Otho, the twins and I spent two weeks with Linnie and Herbert in Safford. Vilda [*18*] graduated from High School in May and in September, she and Genevieve enrolled at the State College in Flagstaff.

A son was born to Linnie and Herbert, February 7, 1930. They named him Herbert Ray Montierth, Jr. Leonard [*25*] and Bessy [*LaVerne Kirkham DJ-PQ*] were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 30, 1930 and Genevieve [*20*] and Hugh [*Pettingill Taylor, Sr., 2XXK-R6*] were married in Holbrook on May 3rd. Wilma and Fred had a new baby daughter, born May 7th and they named her Monita Turley. She was born in Aripine. Within one week, we had added three to our family: a new daughter-in-law, a new son-in-law and a new granddaughter. In August

1930 we took Fernith [*17*] to Gallup, New Mexico for an appendicitis operation. She was in the St. Joseph's Hospital and I stayed with her. She got along fine. This was the first operation we had ever had in the family. In August, I was made president of the Snowflake Ward Relief Society. A little daughter was born to Dorothy and Charles, September 28th in Flagstaff. She was named Vilda Joan Fillerup. [*Note from Doadie: she was named for her Aunt Vilda, whose birthday was September 27th.*]

[*Derby and Vera Jeanette Laney eloped on 2 February 1931. This brief marriage ended in divorce.*] In May 1931, Fernith graduated from High School. She won the Efficiency Medal. We were very proud of her. A third daughter was born to Wilma and Fred on August 23, 1931 in Aripine. She was named Marilyn Turley. Fernith and Vilda went to Flagstaff in September to enroll in the State Teacher's College. Fernith [*18*] came home the latter part of October and did not want to go back. She and Otto [*Wayne Palmer, 4ZJW-B7*] were married on December 10th in the Arizona Temple. Helen [*23*] was called on a mission to the Northern States Mission and left Snowflake in October 1931 for Salt Lake City.

May 25, 1932 a daughter was born to Linnie and Herbert in Safford. They named her Kathe Moneta Montierth. December 27th, twin sons



Leonard, Otho, Derby and Charles, Jr.

Los Angeles, 1935.

were born to Genevieve and Hugh in Holbrook and they were named Hugh Pettingill Taylor, Jr. and Charles Truman Taylor.

On the 9th of May, 1933, a son was born to Fernith and Otto in Taylor and he was named Monte Wayne Palmer. In August, 1933 Derby went with Almon Owens to Chicago, Illinois and Gary, Indiana to drive new school busses back for the Union High School. While Derby was in Chicago he went to the World's Fair. Helen returned from her mission in the fall of 1933. On August 12th a little daughter was born to Linnie and Herbert in Safford. She was named Linnie Lorraine Montierth. At Christmas time, Kermit Davidson [*5CDJ-W1*] came from Fort Bridger, Wyoming to spend Christmas with us and to see Helen [26]. They were married on May 11, 1934 and went to Fort Bridger to live.

Derby graduated from High School in May 1934. Vilda [*23*] was called on a six months mission to Denver, Colorado. She returned home in the fall to teach in the Snowflake District School. On July 18, 1934 a second son was born to Fernith and Otto in Taylor and he was named Kay LaVell Palmer. In November, Otho went with Ralph Whiting to Chicago and Detroit, Michigan to drive back a new car. While in Chicago, Otho went to the World's Fair and while in Detroit, crossed Lake Michigan into Ontario, Canada. In July 1934, Kathe and Bobby spent three weeks with us.

In February 1935, Genevieve went to Los Angeles to the Santa Fe Hospital for an operation for the removal of an inward goiter in her throat. It was a very serious operation. Her little boys were with us in Snowflake, being cared for by Elsie Flake.

I was so glad that Kathe was in Los Angeles to be with Genevieve. Papa insisted that I spend the summer [*1935*] in Los Angeles with the twins and Otho. Vilda was already there as she had enrolled for summer school at the University of Southern California. Charles and Dorothy and the children were in Los Angeles, too. Charles was going to summer school at U.S.C. Otho was driving truck for Whiting Brothers between Holbrook, Arizona and Los Angeles.

I missed Papa so much that summer. I had never been away from him for so long a time. We had an apartment on Raymond Avenue and Charles and Dorothy were nearby. Kathe and Bob and Leonard and Bessie were also living in Los Angeles. During the summer, Doadie [*9*] (Dorothy Lucile) was critically ill with a kidney ailment [*acute pyelitis*]. The doctors could not find the trouble and she was getting worse every day. We were all so worried and anxious about her that we fasted and prayed for her. Leonard and another elder administered

Otho, Leonard and Charles, Jr.

Santa Monica beach, 1936.

to her and she began to improve. By the end of summer she was well on the way to recovery. We all know that our prayers in her behalf were answered. [*During that summer, Doadie spent most of the time in bed. Her mother taught her to knit, and she loved to knit doll clothes for her Shirley Temple doll. She was very weak and when the family would go to the beach, which they frequently did, Charles would carry her on his back from the car to the picnic area on the sand. She weighed only 41 pounds*.]

Fernith and Otto and the little boys were living in the home in Snowflake to take care of Papa. In July, Leonard and Bessy took the twins and me to San Diego to the Worlds Fair and to Tijuana, Mexico. I was so thrilled to go into Mexico again and sent Papa Mexican post cards with Mexican postage stamps. He was delighted about it. It had been twenty-three years since we left our home in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico. We returned to Snowflake in August and I was so happy to be back home again.

I had a birthday party for Papa [*62*] on November 11, 1935. He was so pleased about it and enjoyed it so much. Many times Papa remarked about how he had enjoyed that birthday party. He wanted only a few of his special friends. The guests included: Samuel and Lulu Smith, Silas and Pearl Fish, Timothy and Lannie Hoyt, Ashael and Pauline Smith and Neal and Emma Haywood. I served Papa's favorite refreshments: chicken sandwiches and fruit salad, coconut cream cake and hot chocolate with whipped cream. I have always been glad I had this party for him, he was so happy about it. During the Christmas holidays we saw most of our children: Helen and Kermit came from Fort Bridger, Wyoming; Kathe, Bob and Bobby came from Los Angeles.

As I look back and recall the happy time we had when we were all together, my heart swells with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the wonderful memories we have that even death cannot destroy. For thirty-seven years and eight months, our family circle was not broken by death. Papa was the first to go. Christmas, Thanksgiving and birthdays always meant so much in our family. No one's birthday was ever forgotten and did not pass without something special being done. Papa's birthday was always special, and I always made his favorite coconut cream cake and coconut candy. He was especially fond of coconut which he always called monkeynut. Kathe used to send him fresh coconuts from Los Angeles.

1936 — My Year Of Sorrow

Papa bought a 1936 Ford sedan on January 4, 1936 and on January 7th, Phyllis, Ruby and I went with him to Tucson. We stayed at Lue's. We had a most enjoyable trip, one never to be forgotten, for it was my last trip with Papa to Tucson and I had made so many with him. We returned on the 18th. On my [*54th*] birthday, the 29th, about twenty ladies in Snowflake, came to our home and gave me a surprise party. What a good time we had.

I appreciated it so much. Every birthday, from the year 1917, the ladies had a birthday party for me until we moved away from Snowflake in 1936. I will never have dearer friends than my old friends in Snowflake. So much love and kindness was given to me and our family.

On January 21st, J.A. Waldron, State Director, Rural Rehabilitation, wrote to Papa saying:

> "We are planning on establishing a new district comprising Coconino County and the territory north of the Colorado River in Arizona known as the strip country. Part of this is in Coconino County and part is in Mohave County."

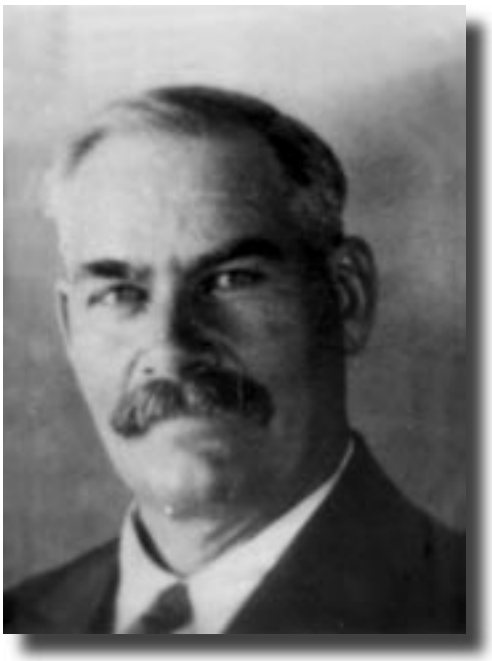
He offered Papa the position of Rural Rehabilitation Supervisor for the district. On January 31st, Papa sent Mr. Waldron a telegram of acceptance. On February 4th, I went with Papa to Holbrook to meet with Director P.H. Ross of the Extension Service and Mr. Waldron of the U.S. Rural Rehabilitation Administration at Phoenix. Papa had resigned from the Extension Service and accepted the position with the Rehabilitation Administration. His headquarters were to be in Flagstaff. After the conference, Papa was struck with a terrible pain in the back of his head. He could scarcely drive back to Snowflake. He was quite ill with this awful pain in his head for about five days. Dr. Neal Heywood was called and after an examination told Papa that he did not have high blood pressure or any trouble with his heart and he thought it must be some form of flu. He gave Papa some tablets to take. A few days later, he felt better and seemed about normal again. He went about getting things in order at his office in order to turn the work over to Mr. McLernon, who was to take his place as County Agricultural Agent.

How clear Sunday, February 16th, 1936 stands out in my memory! That was the day Papa left to go to Flagstaff. He planned to return home on Friday night. Genevieve and her two little boys had been visiting us for a few days and went to Holbrook with Papa that Sunday morning. She and the boys went on to Gallup, New Mexico where they were living at the time. Papa stayed in Holbrook Sunday night with Derby and later Derby told me that they had

talked nearly all night. Papa sent a telegram to Mr. Waldron which read: "I shall be on duty at Flagstaff tomorrow morning". The next morning he left Holbrook for Flagstaff to start at his new work. Derby was the last member of the family to see and talk to him. What we could not know then, was that Derby would also be the first one of the family to be with Papa again. [*Derby, a member of the Seabees during the Second World War, died on 26 February 1945 from the effects of a cerebral hemorrhage, first suffered 12 February 1945, while swimming in the ocean at Honolulu, and reoccurring on the 26th. He is buried there in the Punch Bowl cemetery at Diamond Head.*]

Papa took a room at the Ideal Hotel in Flagstaff. He wrote a post card to us after arriving there on Monday. On Tuesday, he went to Prescott to attend a Regional Rehabilitation Conference, returning to Flagstaff that same evening. The next morning, February 19th, he went to his office, worked through the day and was interviewed by Melvin Hutchinson, a reporter for the "Coconino Sun" newspaper. Mr. Hutchinson said that Papa was in his office until after five o'clock.

Papa returned to the hotel, stopped in the lobby, chatted a while and then went up to his room. That evening Papa wrote another card to us at home. When Papa failed to keep an appointment he had made for the following morning, Thursday, February 20th, the hotel maid went up to his room. The door was wide open and Papa seemed to be sleeping, so she just closed the door and left. Later, when he still did not come down and it was about eleven o'clock, she went back up and discovered that he was dead. The coroner was notified and he reported that Papa had died in his sleep from a cerebral hemorrhage. Charles was called from Buckeye, Arizona and went at once to Flagstaff. Derby was called from Holbrook to join Charles in Flagstaff. They made arrangements to have Papa's body brought back to Snowflake. The family in Snowflake were called by telephone



Charles Richard Fillerup, Sr. 1929

and the rest of the children were all notified by late afternoon. Derby drove the car back to Snowflake.

Kathe, Bob and Bobby, and Leonard and Bessie came from Los Angeles. Helen and Kermit came from Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Linnie and Herbert came from Safford, and Charles and Dorothy from Buckeye. Genevieve and Hugh came from Gallup, New Mexico and Wilma and Fred from Aripine. Fernith and Otto came from Taylor. Silas Hutchings [*1B8F41, widower of sister Amelia*] and his daughters, Vernesse and Nora, came from Springville, Utah. My sisters Lue, Beryl and Ruthie and their husbands came, also.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, February 23rd in the Snowflake Stake House. Papa was buried in the Snowflake Cemetery. [*Now named the R. V. "Mike" Ramsey Memorial Cemetery.*] Kathe had the minutes of the service recorded and the copy is in my scrapbook. Dr. Forbes, Director P.H. Ross and A.B. Ballantyne all came from Tucson. Mr. Ross and Mr. Ballantyne for the University and Dr. Forbes because of his long friendship and association with Papa.

All three spoke at the funeral services. The telegrams, letters and cards continued to come for days afterwards, many of them are in my scrap book. These expressions of friendship and love and sympathy were a great consolation and helped sustain me in the trying days that followed. The family was told that Papa's funeral was one of the largest ever held in the Snowflake area. People came from all parts of the State as well as out of state.

The Flagstaff Coconino Sun published the following article in its 21 November issue. Fernith Palmer kindly gave Doadie a copy of the article, which is reproduced below:

Fillerup Found Dead In Bed At Hotel Yesterday

Charles R. Fillerup, pioneer resident of Snowflake and former farm agent of Navajo county, died here in his hotel room Wednesday night or early yesterday morning from a stroke, his body being discovered in bed about 11 a.m. yesterday.

Mr. Fillerup had taken over his duties Monday as director of resettlement administration in Coconino county and the Mojave county strip north of the Colorado river. He had gone to Prescott on business Tuesday and was back the following day and at work at his office quarters, which were in the farm agent's office in the courthouse. C.G. Loker, farm agent, said yesterday he had warned Mr. Fillerup to go easy with his work as he had just recently recovered from influenza.

A son, Charles R. Fillerup, Jr., is well known here, formerly teaching at Emerson school and now principal of Buckeye high school. [*This should be Buckeye Grammar School.*] *He was also a candidate for the superintendency of county schools last election. A daughter, Miss Vilda Fillerup, is an alumnus of Flagstaff State college, prominent in college dramatic work. She has been teaching at Snowflake since graduating. Another son, Leonard, attended college here and worked as a linotype operator for the "Coconino Sun" during that time.*

Mr. Fillerup is survived by his widow and 12 children, nine daughters and three sons. [*13 children; nine daughters and four sons.*]

Charles Fillerup, Jr. was notified yesterday and was expected to arrive last night to arrange for taking the body to Snowflake.

Mr. Fillerup had been Navajo county farm agent 10 years and was prominent and well liked. A "Sun" reporter interviewed him late Wednesday afternoon regarding his work in resettlement administration and found him in a jolly mood, recalling amusing experiences and humorous passages he had read from favorite books.

No inquest was held, but examination was made of the body and belief was expressed that he had died from a stroke.

The Friday, February 28, 1936 issue of the Snowflake Herald had a long article regarding the funeral as well as a brief biography of Charles.

Funeral Services Held Sunday for Chas. R. Fillerup

Beautiful and impressive funeral services were held over the remains of Charles R. Fillerup at 2:30 p.m. Sunday in the Stake House. The services were attended by hundreds of friends from all part of the state and included many notables gathered to pay their last respects to his memory.

Bp. Hyrum A. Hendrickson presided.

The services opened with the choir singing the hymn, "Sometime, Somewhere". Invocation was offered by Bp. John L. Westover of Joseph City and was followed by the choir singing, "Only a Little While".

The speakers were Joseph Peterson, of Snowflake, a neighbor and life-long friend of the deceased; A.B. Ballantyne, Tucson, assistant director of the University extension service; Dr. Forbes, former dean of the College of Agriculture, and under whom Mr. Fillerup began his service in agricultural work in Cochise county and later in Navajo and Apache counties; P.H. Ross, director of the extension service; and Silas L. Fish, principal of the Union High School.

Praise was showered upon the deceased by all the speakers, who spoke in the highest terms of him as a public spirited citizen and official, and as an outstanding man in the work in which he was engaged.

A tribute was paid by the 4-H clubs, in a resolution given by Robert Smith, a club member.

A beautiful vocal solo, "Resignation", was sung by Mrs. John Demming of Holbrook, and a violin solo, "O, My Father", was beautifully rendered by Prof. J.R. Crandell.

The benediction was pronounced by President Samuel F. Smith.

Interment was made in the local cemetery.

Charles Richard Fillerup was born in Provo, Utah, on November 11, 1873, and was the son of Anders Peter and Caroline Rasmussen Fillerup, who were converts to the L.D.S. church from Denmark and who emigrated to Utah in the early days and settled on the shores of the lake at Provo.

He was brought up as a farmer and dairyman. He was fond of school and books, and graduated from the B.Y.U. at Provo in 1895, serving this year and the following one as a member of the college faculty teaching science.

In 1896, he was selected by the L.D.S. church to take charge of Diaz Academy at Colonia Diaz, Mex. and held this position until 1912. While here he met his wife, Moneta Johnson, to whom he was married June 1, 1898.

In July 1912, he was among the many Latter Day Saints driven out of Mexico by the revolution, leaving their goods and possessions behind except for hastily gathered necessities, to fall into the hands of the rebels. Two hundred and sixty wagons comprised this company, who made their exodus across the border at Hachita, N.M. from where Mr. Fillerup and his wife and eight children went to Tucson. Here he secured employment with the Tucson Farms Company, a large land development company, as foreman over a large crew of men.

It was while engaged here that his work came to the attention of Dr. Forbes, then dean of the College of Agriculture at the university, and led to his appointment as a member of the staff of the experiment station.

In 1913, he was appointed as superintendent of the Cochise county experiment farm, serving until the fall of 1915 when he was persuaded to accept a position as county farm agent for Navajo and Apache counties, making his headquarters at Snowflake. He served in this capacity for nearly a decade, when it was found that the duties were too arduous for one man and thenceforth his efforts were devoted to this county solely.

Many benefits of this work as county agent are to be seen in these counties and a meritorious honor was bestowed upon him at a recent convention, held at Tucson of extension workers from all over the United States. At this convention, a certificate or diploma recognizing the outstanding character of his efforts was voted him and was presented by director Ross of the University extension service.

Mr. Fillerup was also secretary-treasurer of a fraternity of extension workers who had served over 10 years in the extension service.

He was also president of the Board of Education of the union high school, serving the past 10 years on the board. A resolution expressing appreciation of his untiring efforts signed by the teachers of the Union high school and students was read during the services.

Recently Mr. Fillerup resigned as county agent and was appointed director of the rural Resettlement Administration with headquarters at Flagstaff. The district which he was supervising consisted of Cococino and a portion of Mohave counties.

His sudden death occurred at Flagstaff Thursday morning, two days after beginning his new duties. His death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage or heart trouble, it was said.

He is survived by his widow and 13 children, all of whom were present at the services. Two brothers and several sisters also survive.

Children of Charles Richard Fillerup, Sr. at the time of his funeral, February 1936.

Back: Leonard, Vilda, Genevieve, Otho, Charles, Fernith, Kathe, Derby, Linnie, Helen
Front: Ruby, Wilma and Phyllis

As the years have passed, his work, particularly in the Extension Services, has stood as a monument to him, growing in importance with the passing of the years. His portrait hangs in the executive office at the University of Arizona in Tucson where he was a member of the staff for over a quarter of a century.

> "Our friend", said Director Ross, "gave one quarter of a century of devoted service, loyal and true through all these years. There have been none more loyal, or none who has done more for the Institution. The Institution honors his memory."

I hope that what these men, who were friends and associates of Papa, have said of him will give to our children, but particularly to our grandchildren, a little insight of what their grandfather Fillerup was really like.

I had wanted to go with Papa to Flagstaff, but he told me that I was to stay in Snowflake with the children until school was out. Otho was graduating from High School, and Phyllis and Ruby from the District School in May, so I consented to stay until school was out. We then planned on moving to Flagstaff to live. But Papa's death changed everything. In March, Helen and Kermit came from Wyoming with a big cattle truck and trailer to take some of the cows and calves, which I had sold to them. Otho butchered the pigs and some of the steers. He butchered and dressed all the chickens, which we sold in Holbrook so that we could get everything disposed of before leaving for Los Angeles, where we were going to spend

Charles Richard Fillerup, Sr. 1929

Portrait at the University of Arizona.

the summer. Genevieve and the little boys came to stay with us during March and part of April to help us get Papa's papers and other things sorted so we could save those things which were necessary and dispose of the rest. During the Easter vacation, Kathe and Bobby came from Los Angeles to help me for a week. In April, Vilda and Otho went to Mesa to see about Vilda getting a teaching position in the Franklin Grade School. Vilda accepted the position and signed up to teach the sixth grade and dramatics in the upper grades. We decided to live in Mesa for the school year of 1936-37 and Otho would attend college in Tempe, which is near Mesa.

Otho graduated from the Snowflake Union High School on May 22, 1936 and at that time, Silas L. Fish, the principal of the High School, said:

> "The eleven oldest children of the Fillerup family have graduated from this High School; the youngest eleven have graduated from the District School; the two youngest are just now graduating from the District School. During all these years never at any time, were any of the children reprimanded or sent to the principal's office for correction."

I was so proud and happy and wished that Papa could have been there to hear this. Otho played varsity football in High School, winning his letter and losing two teeth. Phyllis and Ruby graduated from District School on May 15th. We left for Los Angeles on the last day of May. Otho drove a truck for Whiting Brothers again this summer between Holbrook and Los Angeles.

Charles and Dorothy and the children were in Los Angeles, too. Charles was the principal of the Buckeye, Arizona Grade Schools and they had lived there for two years. In June, he went to Buckeye on business, so went to Mesa to see Elijah Allen about the two lots Papa had bought there. Elijah told him about a duplex he had listed for sale located at 256 East First Avenue in Mesa. It was a good buy and one side could be rented and give me a small income. He said he would allow me five hundred dollars for the two lots; the price of the duplex was three thousand dollars. When Charles returned to Los Angeles and told me about it, I didn't think that I wanted to buy a home in Mesa. I wanted to go to Tucson. Charles kept talking to me about it, so I decided to go over and see the property.

Kathe, Bob and Bobby took me to Mesa and after seeing the duplex, I decided to buy it. The apartments were small, so I decided to have a bedroom and service porch added to the west side apartment which was vacant. We would live in that side. The apartments consisted of one bedroom, one bath, a kitchen, dinette, living room with fire place and small hall. There was a nice porch across the front of the

building which faced south on First Avenue. The Arizona Temple was at the end of First Avenue just two blocks and a half from my home. I was happy to live near the temple. I had a bedroom and service porch added and we were very comfortable.

A daughter was born to Linnie and Herbert in Safford, July 8, 1936. She was named Florence Faye Montierth. We were in Los Angeles all summer and in August Wilma's son, Stan, came for a throat operation (the removal of a thyroglossal sinus cyst) and he stayed with us. [*Genevieve had a goiter removed in February 1935 and Ruby, in May 1941. Vilda Fillerup Flint also suffers from thyroid deficiency. This information may be of medical interest to family members.*] Vilda had enrolled for summer School at U.S.C. and Otho was driving a truck for Whiting Brothers. During the summer, Derby came from Holbrook to visit us for a few days. We certainly enjoyed his stay and I was so happy to have him with us.

We left Los Angeles the latter part of August going first to Mesa and then on to Snowflake to see about having our household goods sent to Mesa and to make the arrangements about the [*Snowflake*] house. I rented part of the house to Marion Hatch and Otto and Fernith lived in the other part in order to take care of things for me. I rented the farm to Ada Frost and her son, Larry. I gave the Snowflake Union High School a set of Papa's books, *Famous Debates*, as a memorial to Papa because he had been president of the High School Board for six years. Also, eleven of our children had graduated from the high school. After settling affairs in Snowflake, we returned to Mesa. As we drove out of the gate of our home in Snowflake that night in August, I told Derby, Otho, Phyllis and Ruby that we were closing the door to a part of our life and from now on we must build our lives without Papa. The future looked so dark to me; it seemed hard to face life without Papa.

Homes In Mesa & Los Angeles; Family Happenings & Gatherings

Vilda started her work at Franklin School; Otho enrolled at the State College at Tempe and Phyllis and Ruby started Mesa Union High School. Linnie and Herbert moved to Lehi, a town just north of Mesa, in September. Christmas of 1936 was a really sad time for all of us; my first Christmas without Papa since the Christmas of 1896, before we were married. Although we again had a fireplace, we did not hang up our stockings, and never since Papa's death, have we done so. I could not bear the thought of hanging up our stockings without Papa's. We put our gifts on the table, and had a small table-size Christmas tree. Christmas has not been and can never be the same without Papa.

In January 1937, my brother, [*Ivan*] Clare, [*18WX-53*] who lived in Phoenix, came to spend a few days with me and work in the Temple. He had been an invalid for years and it was getting difficult for him to go the temple, but he did a great deal of work. It was a joy to have him with us. He was so cheerful and goodnatured and it was such a blessing to me. The first of March, Clare was very sick and on the 3rd, he sank into a coma from which he never regained consciousness. I sat beside his bed every day the week before he died and I was with him when he passed away on March 6th, just a little more than a year after Papa's death.

Vilda and Walt [*Walter Bennett Sayner, DJ-R3*] were married on March 19th in Mesa. After school closed in May, Otho, Phyllis, Ruby and I went to Snowflake for the summer. I intended to sell the Snowflake home and the field, too, while I was there. Derby was working in Holbrook, so Otho worked with him. In August I sold the home to Mrs. Cooper, so we moved out and spent the rest of the summer in Holbrook. When we went back to Mesa, Derby went with us. Otho and Derby attended college in Tempe, and Phyllis and Ruby went to high school.

On 23 May, 1938, a baby daughter was born to Vilda and Walt in Mesa and they named her Florence Beatrice Sayner. We spent the summer in Holbrook and Snowflake and Vilda and Walt lived in our home in Mesa that summer and then moved to Phoenix in the fall. Linnie and Herbert had a new baby daughter born August 19th in Mesa. They named her Myrna Lue Montierth. November 19th, a son was born to Fernith and Otto, in Taylor and was named Jon Blaine Palmer.

Vilda and Walt moved back to Mesa in the spring of 1939 and lived in the east side of my duplex. We were so happy to have them live near us, and had so many happy times together. On July 4th, Vilda and Walt's second daughter was born in Mesa. She was named Wallis Vilda Sayner.

Leonard and Bessy adopted a little baby boy, born July 7th and named him Leonard George Fillerup. In September, Otho went to Tucson to attend the University of Arizona. December 20th, a baby girl was born to Helen and Kermit, in Lyman, Wyoming. They named her Carolyn Moneta Davidson. Hugh and Genevieve [*Taylor*] moved to Phoenix.

In May, 1940, Phyllis and Ruby graduated from the Mesa Union High School. In June, Vilda and Walt went to La Jolla, California. [*Doadie stayed with them for part of the summer to help with the girls.*] September 24th, a little son was born to them and they named him Leonard Ellis Sayner. September 27th, Linnie and Herbert's fifth daughter was born in Mesa and she was named Klonda Ann Montierth. Derby and Margarette [*McNeil, DJ-S8*] were married December 14th in Kingman, Arizona. In December, Otho accepted a position with the Department of Agriculture as field representative in Yuma, Arizona.

February 20, 1941, Vilda and Walt's little son, Leonard, passed away in La Jolla. In May, Ruby was operated on for the removal of an inward goiter and four days later Phyllis had an appendicitis operation. Otho and Maude [*Alice Pyle, DJ-TF*] were married June lst in Yuma, Arizona. Charles and Dorothy and the children moved to London, Canada in July. Wilma and Fred's son, Stan, was called on a mission to the Eastern States Mission. He left on October 20th.

War had been declared in December, 1941. Wilma and Fred's son, Grant enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps on May 15, 1942. On August 4th, he and Kathleen Ballard were married in Holbrook [*he left August 5th for cadet training*]. In the spring of 1942, Helen and Kermit moved from Wyoming to Lehi, near Mesa. In July, Derby started to work at Rivers, Arizona in the Japanese Relocation Center and in October, Margarette started to teach school there. In September, as I was walking in the back yard, I stepped in a hole in the lawn and fell, breaking my left wrist [*60 years old*]. November 6, 1942, Bob Freeman, Jr. enlisted in the United States Navy and on the 11th of December, Derby enlisted with the Seabees in the United States Navy.

Derby was called to active duty in March, 1943 and left for basic training in Virginia in April. Bob Freeman, Jr. was called to active duty July lst. Genevieve, Hugh and the boys moved to Los Angeles in March, and in July, Phyllis, Ruby and I came to Los Angeles to live. I rented my home in Mesa and we moved into Walt and Vilda's apartment on Normandie Avenue in Los Angeles. Walt had already left for Rochelle, Illinois and Vilda and the girls left [*to join him*] in August. Charles, Dorothy and the children had also moved to Los Angeles

Moneta Johnson Fillerup, 1945.

[*returning from London, Ontario, Canada and Flint, Michigan*] in June. Otho and Maude moved to Riverside, California in September.

Derby was transferred to Port Hueneme, near Oxnard, California in September. He and Margarette spent a few days with us and we had a most wonderful time. The sweet memories of those days are priceless and most precious. In October, Derby was sent to the Hawaiian Islands. On October 20, 1943, a little daughter was born to Margarette and Derby in Glendale, California. She was named Denna Jeanne Fillerup and she was born on Derby's birthday. Derby never saw little Denna, but he talked to her [*by telephone*] during the Christmas holidays in 1944. Margarette had returned to Rivers to teach school.

During January, 1944, Papa's brother, Albert came to Los Angeles to visit his son, Marvin and his family. I was so happy to see him again. I had not seen him since 1898. On my [*62nd*] birthday, January 29th, the family had a party for me. All of the family living in the Los Angeles area were there. Papa's brother Albert Fillerup, his son Marvan, Lorraine and the girls, and E.K. [*Erastus Kruse Fillerup, Jr.*] and Lillian were there, too. Thirty-eight of us. We had a wonderful time and we especially enjoyed having Albert with us, for he reminded us of Papa. I blew out the sixty-two candles on my cake, with George and Denna watching me to see if I could do it. About the middle of October, I fell down the stairs in our apartment. I was badly shaken up, and broke three ribs and my left collarbone. I was confined to my bed for about ten days. All the children living in the Los Angeles area were with me on Thanksgiving Day for a family dinner. I was so happy – there were twenty-four of us.

Grant received his commission in the United States Army Air Force and had been sent to England in later summer 1943. On March 6, 1944, he was shot down over Germany in the first large daylight raid over Berlin. He was reported missing. He piloted a P-47 Thunderbolt Fighter plane. We later found out that he was buried on April 8, 1944 in a Prisoner of War cemetery [*Oldenburg Prisoner of War Cemetery of Vechta*] in Germany. It was such a heartbreaking time for Wilma and Fred and for all of us.

> [*According to a letter to Grant's wife, Kathleen, written on 25 April 1947 by Major General T.B. Larkin, Office of the Quartermaster General, War Department, Grant was moved to the Ardennes U.S. Military Cemetery, Neuville-en-Condroz, located nine miles southwest of Liege, Belgium. His exact grave site is 223, row 9, plot N.*]

Stan, Wilma and Fred's son, had been called to active duty in the United States Army in February and on October 17th married Cleo Fern Olson in the Logan Temple.

On February 12, 1945, Derby was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. He was in Honolulu and was taken to the Dispensary at the Keneohe Naval Air Station. He wrote two letters to Margarette in a few days, when he thought he was better, and we thought he was going to be all right. But he was stricken a second time and was moved to the Aiea Naval Hospital, where he passed away on February 26th. He was buried in the Naval Cemetery, March 6th, but later his body was removed to the National Memorial Naval Cemetery in Honolulu [*plot C-1010*]. We were so shocked and heart broken by the news of his death. It was a crushing sorrow.

I had taken seriously ill a few days after Thanksgiving, and was still confined to my bed. Derby's death seemed more than I could bear. He would have gone with his company to Iwo Jima and would have, in all probability, been killed there where so many of his comrades lost their lives. We had the

The Torch of Victory

A Solemn pause comes in the day's routine,
When brave eyes close, and gallant hands lie still;
Let marching feet and drumbeats echo on,
Our heads are bowed beneath a Maker's Will.
'Tis human, thus, to weep in wonderment,
Why youth must go and often age must stay;
Why he so young, so needed and beloved
Is summoned in distress and dismay.
We know that war clouds ride upon the seas,
That want and waste are stalking every land;
That hosts of youths go down at one fell blow,
Like kingly oaks before a tempest hand.
We know that homes are stricken such as yours,
That empty hearths and vacant chairs abound;
The heroes fall where'er the Reaper calls
At home, abroad, or far flung battle ground;
And this we know, and this we cannot doubt,
That somewhere in God's purpose all supreme,
No life is wasted and no heartache lost,
Nor tears unheeded in His blest regime;
For he that hath no hand in loss and strife,
Who rides the storm to quell the rolling sea,
Who hurled the roaring legions from the skies
Is conqueror in might and majesty.
And so there is no bitterness at all,
But only yearning, Lord They Will to do,
For Thou who giveth hath the right to call
Derby home. He is the son of Freedom, too.
And this remains - the saving grace of work,
To sow and reap whatever fields there be,
To steady on as Derby's brave hands have done
And hold aloft his Torch of Victory.
And you courageous loved ones who are left,
Amid your tears - this be your recompense,
That you have "laid up treasures safe in Heaven",
Who yielded him back to God's wise Providence."
A glorious throng will hail the victor home,
Where drumbeats hush before the "Gates Ajar",
Where nobler fields than battlefields are flung,
And peace abides beyond the "Morning Star".

Inscribed in friendship and deepest sympathy.

Bertha A. Kleinman

(Written at Derby's death by Moneta's dear friend whose sons, Jack and Dan, were Derby's good friends.)

consolation of knowing that he had been cared for in the hospital and was buried in the Naval Cemetery. We also found out after the war that Derby had been in the invasion of the Marshall Islands. My very dear friend, Bertha A. Kleinman, whose sons, Jack and Dan, were very dear friends of Derby's, sent me a poem that she had written when she heard of Derby's death.

Otho was called to active duty in the United States Army in March, 1945. He was stationed at Camp Roberts, California. In March, Bob Freeman, Jr., received his commission in the United States Navy and in August was sent into the South Pacific. On March 18th, Wanda Turley was married to Marion Smith in Norfolk, Virginia. A son was born to Linnie and Herbert, March 27 in Mesa and he was named Clarence Robert Montierth. Stan received his discharge from the Army in November.

January 18, 1946, a son, David Earl Smith, was born to Wanda and Marion Smith. He was our first great-grandchild and I thought how proud and happy Papa would have been. In April, Otho received his discharge from the Army, and in September he and Maude moved to Berkeley. Otho had accepted a position with the Farm Bureau. Bob Freeman, Jr. received his discharge from the Navy in June. On August 30th, Phyllis and Ord [*"L" Shumway, 5HFM-K3*] and Ruby and Roy [*M. Medigovich, DJ-XX*] were married in Los Angeles [*in a formal double wedding ceremony*]. Linnie came from Mesa to attend the wedding and I returned to Arizona with her on August 31st. I spent the

Reunion of surviving children of William Derby Johnson, Jr. and Charlesetta Prescott Cram, Tucson, Arizona 1947.

Standing: Roy Johnson, Beryl Whiting, Nona (Zenona) Barrett
Seated: Lucy (Lue) Darwin, Moneta Fillerup, Otho Johnson.

months of September through November there, visiting the family and my friends. A daughter was born to Stan and Cleo on December 17th, and they named her Tauna Lee Turley. She was born in Casa Grande, Arizona.

On March 24, 1947, Patricia Jane Fillerup was born to Maude and Otho in Yuba, California. In June, Vilda and the girls came from New York to spend the summer. On August 29th, Bob Freeman, Jr. and Elizabeth Jeffery were married in Pasadena, California. Walt came for Vilda and the girls in September and I went as far as Arizona with them to visit my family.

On October 15th, my sister Beryl and I went to Safford, Arizona to visit our brothers, Otho and Roy. While we were there, they took us to Columbus, New Mexico, to see our mother's grave. Then we went on to Palomas, Mexico to see Juan Montoya, who had lived with us and went to school in Colonia Diaz. Juan has a big store and is a fine business man, well respected. He and his wife have four children; a very nice family, and I was so happy to see him again. Otho and Roy had seen him several times through the years, but it was the first time I had seen him since we left Mexico. From Safford, Beryl, Roy and I went to Phoenix to visit with Nona for a few days. Then we all went to Tucson, to visit Lue. Otho came from Safford and the six of us, four sisters and two brothers, all of my mother's children then living, had a wonderful few days together at Lue's. We had our pictures taken and it was the last time we were all together.

January 19, 1948, Susan Smith was born to Wanda and Marion in Phoenix. April 14th, a son was born to Ruby and Roy [*Medigovich*] in Los Angeles, and they named him Roderick

Grave of my grandmother (Charlesetta Cram Johnson) in Columbus, New Mexico.

She died 14 February 1917 at 56 years of age. I have a great respect and love for my grandmother. My, what a worker she was! She was a beautiful seamstress, good cook and made the best cheese. I used to like to go over to her place at recess time when soured milk curds were just right to eat. I liked to help her dip the whey off and then put the curds into the cheese press."

(Photo and caption from Wilma Fillerup Turley's album.)

Stephan Medigovich. June 22nd, Margo Yvonne Turley was born to Cleo and Stan in Mesa. July 3rd, Robert Jeffery was born to Elizabeth and Bob Freeman in Oakland, California.

Linnie and Herbert and the children had moved to Idaho in December, 1947 and on January 22, 1949, Garry Lynn Montierth was born. On July 20th, Herbert, Jr. and Darlene Roberts were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Charles and Dorothy's daughter, Dorothy [*Doadie*] married Robert Dale Long in Los Angeles, on August 28th.

In September, Wilma's daughters Marilyn and Monita came to Los Angeles to spend the winter with me and go to school. I did enjoy having them with me. On November 27th, a son was born to Phyllis and Ord in Bakersfield, California and they named him Gary Scott Shumway.

March 31, 1950, Wilma and Fred's daughter, Monita married Clarence F. Robison in the Manti Temple. Linnie and Herbert and their family moved back to Mesa. In June, Marilyn went back to Arizona. On June 22nd, Elizabeth and Bob Freeman had a son, James Richard Freeman, in Oakland. October 17th a son, Richard Alfred Fillerup, was born to Maude and Otho in Concord, California. On November 10th, Ronald Grant was born to Monita [*Turley*] and Clarence Robison in Provo, Utah. December 26th, Sherryl Darlene was born to Darlene and Herbert Montierth, Jr.

June 10, 1951, a daughter was born to Wanda [*Turley*] and Marion Smith in Phoenix and she was named Jennifer Lee. Wilma and Fred were called to the Louisana-Texas Mission. I went over to Arizona in September, and in October went with Wilma and Fred to Utah. It was my first visit to Provo and Salt Lake City since 1898, when Papa and I were married. I visited with Papa's brother, Andrew and his wife Hilda in Pleasant Grove. I also visited their son, Wesley and his wife. It had been fifty-three years since I had last seen Andrew, and I was so happy to see him again. Helen and Kermit were living in Springville, Utah.

Charles and Dorothy's son, Charles, went into the Navy in January, 1952. On the 31st of December, a daughter, Jana, was born to Cleo and Stan Turley. On March 8th, Wilma and Fred's daughter, Marilyn, married Mack Larson in the Arizona Temple. Steven Franklin was born to Monita [*Turley*] and Clarence Robison in Provo, Utah on March 27th. Linnie and Herbert's daughter, Moneta, married Robert Oates in the Arizona Temple on June 5th.

Our First Family Reunion

Our first family reunion was held at the home of Charles and Dorothy in Burbank, California, on August 2nd, 1952. We had a program of singing, music, dramatizations and readings. Following the program, a delicious luncheon was served and enjoyed. We were especially happy to have Papa's oldest sister, Caroline Fillerup Kimball with us. She was living with her daughter, Meriba, in Pasadena, California. Mariba and her daughter Kennedine and two small sons, were with Caroline. She brought her old fashioned family album and a box of Fillerup pictures to show us. She told us many things about the Fillerup family, particularly of their early childhood days. She was the oldest child. It was of interest to know that Papa and his brothers and sisters were taught to read, write and speak the Danish language by their mother who taught them Danish before they were old enough to go to school. I had not seen Caroline since Papa and I were married. She was such a sweet and lovable person.

I went to Arizona again in the fall of 1952 and stayed for three months. On January 3, 1953, a son, Robert Derby, was born to Maude and Otho in Concord, California. February 22nd, Allyn was born to Marilyn [*Turley*] and Mack Larson in McNary, Arizona. On March 14th, a son was born to Phyllis and Ord [*Shumway*] in Phoenix and they named him David Brian Shumway. Linnie and Herbert's daughter, Lorraine, married Grant Whitmer on May 9th in the Arizona Temple.

In June, Charles Taylor went into the Army and in November, Monte Palmer, son of Fernith and Otto, went into the Army. John William was born to Elizabeth and Bob Freeman, Jr. on July 15th in Boston, Mass. Robert Bradley was born to Moneta [*Montierth*] and Bob Oates in Mesa. A son was born to Darlene and Herbert Montierth, Jr. in Idaho Falls on October 29th and they named him Edward Ray. Wilma and Fred returned from their mission in October. I spent the winter months in Arizona. Carol was born to Wanda [*Turley*] and Marion Smith on December 2nd in Phoenix. Sandra Jane was born on December 13th to Monita [*Turley*] and Clarence Robison in Provo, Utah.

Our Second Family Reunion

Our second family reunion was held in August, 1953 at Ruby and Roy's [*Medigovich*] home in Norwalk, California. We had a wonderful time visiting. We had a program of songs, readings, comments and the minutes of our first reunion were read. Everyone enjoyed the games and charades which had been arranged. A delicious buffet dinner was served. There were thirty-six of us present.

March 27, 1954, my sister Lue died in Tucson, Arizona, leaving just Beryl, Otho and I living of my mother's twelve children. March 31st, a son was born to Lorraine and Grant in Bisbee, Arizona and he was named Grant Lavell Whitmer, Jr. Walt, Vilda and the girls moved to Roxboro, North Carolina in June. On August 27th, Fernith and Otto's son, Kay married Doreen Reidhead in Taylor, Arizona. October 17th, a son, Charles Frederick, was born to Cleo and Stan Turley.

Our Third Family Reunion

Our third family reunion was held on June 5, 1954 at Wilma and Fred's Sundown Ranch at Aripine, Arizona. We had a most enjoyable time – lunch at noon, followed by a program of music, speeches, songs and sentiments from all the family. Stan gave a reading he had especially written for this reunion, "9th Vision of Shadrack". In the early evening, we had supper in the yard. Fred cooked elk steaks on the grill in the fireplace, served with toasted buns, salads and desserts. In October, I went to Phoenix, to make my home. From July 1943 to October, 1954, I lived in Los Angeles and for a few months in Norwalk.

My Seventy-third Birthday

My seventy-third birthday [*January 29th, 1955*] is one I shall long remember for the happiness it gave me. My family living in Mesa and Phoenix held "Open House" for me in Linnie and Herbert's home in Mesa. More than one hundred relatives and friends came to see me, many whom I had not seen for years; old friends from Mexico and other places. What an enjoyable time we had reminiscing about happenings of many years gone by.

June 29, 1955, Charles and Dorothy's daughter, Vilda was married to Jerry Flint in Las Vegas, Nevada. On July lst, Norman Grant was born to Wanda [*Turley*] and Marion Smith in Phoenix. Charles and Dorothy's son, Charles, received his discharge from the Navy in April. Charles Taylor received his discharge from the Army in May. Janet Leigh was born to Lorraine [*Montierth*] and Grant Whitmer on July 29th in Yuma, Arizona. Kay and Doreen's little daughter was born September 19th, and named Debra Kay Palmer.

Excerpts from the Ninth Vision of Shadrack

And now, I, Shadrack, do speak again, yea with my mouth do I speak . . . for I would that ye should know of some of the things to come to pass in the last days. For this I know that as surely as the birds flieth to the south when the snow cometh, so also do the gophers dig holes in the ditch banks . . .And it came to pass that I, Shadrack, did behold that in the last days near the end of the reign of Truman, the Tax Collector . . . did see a great family tree rise in the latter days, yea, a tree whose roots came from the land of Denmark and of England and whose branches and fruit spread throughout the length and breadth of the promised land. Yea, and it was a sturdy tree and straight and it bore the name of Fillerup. And there were thirteen branches to the tree, and each branch did represent one of the children thereof and they did all grow to maturity.

And in that day I did see many of the people of the Fillerup Clan say one to another, "Come, let us gather ourselves together and do honor to the great head of our family, for she has lived long upon the face of the earth." Yea, and they did come from all about to pay homage to her. And her name was Moneta, which interpreted means, "lady with love in her heart for all people", and indeed she did have this love and it did extend to the farthermost limb and leaf of the family tree and all did feel it, yea, her children and her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren. Yea, never a birthday, nor an anniversary passeth but that she did remember each of her family with a loving remembrance.

And because of her love for all, she was beloved by all, and no one sayeth ought against her. And it came to pass that people came from far and near . . . and did join together in a time of joy and thanksgiving for so great a heritage as had come to them from that great patriarch, Charles Richard Fillerup, and his companion, Moneta Johnson, who together formed the roots and trunk of this great tree. And all those who were not present in person at this happy occasion were present in spirit and the people did rejoice together and did sing praises and did laugh and did joke and did eat and be merry together and did feel good one toward another.

And now, I, Shadrack, say unto you, there is no greater thing in this life than to raise up a noble posterity and to have the love of our Father in Heaven in a home which is dedicated to the Lord. And I say unto ye members of this family, ye are blessed because of the integrity and the goodness and the sacrifices made by the heads of this family, and I would exhort you that ye do ponder in your hearts the great blessings that are yours, and do remember that all is the Lord's and there is nothing that is not His and that He has given liberally to you. See, therefore, that ye merit the good things that He hath in store for the righteous, and honor your father and mother, and those before them.

And my heart was made glad and I did rejoice in the scenes of this family that the name did go forth as a shining light in a world of darkness. So be it. Amen.

My Trip To Hawaii

August 28, 1955, I went with Ruby, Roy and Roddy to Hawaii by plane. It was the first time I had ever been on a plane and it was a most enjoyable trip. We were in Hawaii eight days and it was just wonderful. I shall never forget how very beautiful everything was. It is one of the highlights in my life. It was good to go where Derby spent the last months of his life. As I stood beside his grave in the National Memorial Cemetery, peace and comfort came into my heart. It meant so much to me just to stand beside his grave in that beautiful place where he is buried.

I spent the summer and fall in California, spending much of the time writing this history. I returned to Arizona to spend the winter with Wilma and Fred. They were called to be workers in the Arizona Temple. In December, Fernith and Otto's son, Monte, received his discharge from the Army. Monte accepted a call to the Great Lakes Mission and left on March, 1956. A son was born to Dorothy [*Doadie*] and Bob Long on May 12, 1956 in Los Angeles, named

Charles Gordon Long. On May 25th, Moneta [*Montierth*] and Bob's daughter, Melissa May Oates was born in Mesa. Fernith and Otto's son, Jon went into the Navy in June. Miriam Kay was born to Cleo and Stan Turley on June 30th. Linnie and Herbert's daughter, Klonda, married Glenford Lilly on July 16th. In June, I moved to Palm Springs to make my home with Ruby. A son was born to Elizabeth and Bob Freeman, Jr. in Oakland on December 7th and they named him David Raymond Freeman. Our twenty-eighth great grandchild, Mark Turley Robison, son of Monita [*Turley*] and Clarence [*Robbie*] Robison, was born on January 22nd, 1957 in Provo Utah.

My Seventy-fifth Birthday

I was in Los Angeles visiting on my seventy-fifth birthday [*29 Jan 1957*]. Kathe prepared a buffet supper and invited all the family living in the vicinity of Los Angeles. There were twenty-two of us. Kathe made a large birthday cake and put seventy-five candles on it. When all of the candles were lighted, it was beautiful. Otho and Maude's little boys, Richard and Robert, carried the cake in and all were singing "Happy Birthday". Otho arranged to have a photographer come to take pictures.

GRANDMA'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

Children and Spouses

Back row: Kermit Davidson, Margarette Fillerup, Dorothy Fillerup, Charles Fillerup, Jr. Bessy Fillerup, Leonard Fillerup, Fred Turley, Herbert Montierth, Walter Sayner, Ord Shumway, Otho Fillerup, Roy Medigovich
Front row: Helen Davidson, Genevieve Taylor, Wilma Turley, Grandma Moneta Fillerup, Linnie Montierth, Vilda Sayner, Phyllis Shumway, Ruby Medigovich

Grandma's Siblings And Spouses

Back row: Otho Johnson, Abia Johnson, Ernest Whiting, M. S. (Sid) Seiders, Frank Whiting
Front row: Vola Tarwater Johnson, Harriet Johnson, Moneta Fillerup, Beryl Whiting,
Viva Johnson VanWyke, Persis Johnson Seiders, Jeanne Whiting

Church Positions And Testimony

Some of the Church Positions I have Held[1]

Moneta Johnson Fillerup

1. Organist, Diaz Ward Sunday School	February 1895 - November 1899
2. Organist, Diaz Ward Y.L.M.I.A.	April 1896 - October 1901
3. Organist, Diaz Ward Choir	1897 - 1905
4. Teacher in Diaz Ward Sunday School	May 1896 - October 1901
5. First Counselor in the Presidency of Diaz Ward Primary Association	September 26, 1898 - January 16, 1899
6. President of the Diaz Ward Primary Association	January 16, 1899 - March 6, 1905
7. First Counselor to Minnie K. Stratton Snowflake Ward Relief Society Presidency	August 7, 1917 - January 15, 1918
8. President of the Snowflake Ward Primary Association	January 15, 1918 - August 14, 1921
9. President of the Snowflake Ward Relief Society	August 31, 1930 – 1935

I taught music lessons on the organ from 1897 to July 1912, when we left our home in Mexico. During World War I, while I was First Counselor to Sister Stratton in the Relief Society, I had charge of the work assigned to us by the Red Cross. We knit socks and sweaters; rolled bandages; [*and*] made afghans of wool pieces, cut in six inch squares, crocheted around with wool yarn, then sewed together to make the size required. We made bed slippers of woolen material; these and the afghans were for hospital use.

[1]This is from "Reflections from the Family Tree Top" in the back of Moneta's original *Treasure Trove of Memories.*

It was during the War, too, that new methods of preservation and storing of food were being encouraged and fostered by the United States Department of Agriculture, through the Extension Service. We did a lot of work in canning meats, fruits and vegetables by pressure cooker method. The older girls will well remember these canning sessions. The drying of fruit and vegetables by the "new method" we also experimented with. Wilma and Kathe will remember when we dried the prize apples that Dr. Bartlett had put on top of our piano for safe (?) keeping! All was well until Papa and Dr. Bartlett came in to get the apples, and then, Oh, Me! but Papa was really excited! I might add, that under ordinary circumstances, the top of the piano was as safe as a vault in the bank; we just made an error in judgment as to why the apples were there. As Papa would say, "They made excellent eating."

My Testimony

I wish to bear my testimony to my beloved family that I know without a shadow of a doubt, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the true church of God. That the Prophet Joseph Smith beheld and communicated with Heavenly Beings. I know that the Prophet Joseph Smith translated the Book of Mormon from the plates given to him by the Angel Moroni, by revelation and inspiration from God. I know that through faith, prayer and administration by the elders of the church through the power of the Priesthood, that the sick have been healed and miracles performed, even bringing the dead back to life. Ever since I can remember, when I was sick or any member of our family was sick, my first thought was prayer and administration by the elders of our church. Knowledge of the gospel brings peace, contentment and hope into our lives, and faith and prayer helps us to live better lives.

I have already told of several incidents of healings in the family, by prayer, but I wish to relate others. My mother told me that when I was only three years old, I was playing hide and seek with my brothers in the upstairs of our unfinished house [*in Kanab*] before the doors and windows were put in. Of course we were running about and I fell out of one of the open doors, head first, and struck my forehead on a forty gallon rain barrel, cutting a gash in the middle of my forehead about one inch long. I was unconscious for several days, and before the gash was entirely healed, an abscess formed in the wound and I was in a critical condition. My mother said I was healed by prayer and faith through the administrations of the elders. I have carried the scar on my forehead all my life. I have already told of the time my brother, Clare, at the age of two and one-half years, fell from the wagon seat and was run over. This happened on our way to Mexico. I was not quite four years old, but I shall never forget it. This was the first healing by administration of the elders I can remember.

For the first few years we were in Colonia Diaz, Mexico, we did not have much fresh fruit and as children we used to gather the ripe mesquite beans and chew the juice out of them, spitting out the seeds and skins. They were ripe in September. One day (when I was about eight years of age) I and several other children went out to gather ripe mesquite beans at the edge of town. We wandered farther away than we realized, playing games and chewing mesquite beans, when we noticed the sun had gone down and we couldn't see any houses at all. We were very frightened. We did not know which direction to go to find town. We could not agree which way to go, so I said, "Let's kneel down and pray, then we will know which way to go." We all knelt down and I offered the prayer, asking our Heavenly Father to help us to know which way to go. When we got up off our knees, we all wanted to go in

the same direction and soon we came in sight of the town.

When Charles was sixteen months old, he was stricken with "inflammation of the bowels", as we called it then. My father's cousin, Annie Tenney, was a practical nurse and was called when anyone was sick and needed help. So we called her to come and she stayed day and night with me until Charles began to get better. It seemed that nothing we did helped and Charles became unconscious and it seemed he could not live. Papa, my father and Uncle Elmer administered to him and within a few hours his temperature dropped and he went to sleep naturally and slept for hours. He recovered rapidly from that time.

Leonard had a cold and cough from the time he was born and when he was only three months old, had pneumonia. On the third day after he was stricken, he sank into a coma and we thought he was going to die. Papa, my father and Brother Andrew Anderson administered to him, as I held him on my lap, and shortly afterwards, he took some milk, a few drops at a time, the first nourishment he had taken for two days.

During the summer of 1907, the children, Wilma, Kathe, Charles, Leonard and Linnie, the baby, all had whooping cough. They were all very sick and one night Linnie had two convulsions and we thought she was dying. Papa administered to her and we knelt down by the bed where Linnie was lying and prayed for her recovery for about a half hour. After this, Linnie's temperature became normal and she went to sleep and had no more trouble, except that for months afterwards she would hold her breath until her face became purple whenever she cried very hard. Following this siege of whooping cough, Wilma became very sick with pneumonia. Sister Keeler made a paper cone and told Papa to breathe into Wilma's mouth with it because it seems that she was choking to death. So Papa kept her breathing by breathing into her mouth through this paper cone and we knew that many times when Sister Keeler did not know what to do, that through prayer, she would have different things come into her mind as to what should be done. And this was one of those times.

In this day of such wonderful medical knowledge and the ease in which one may get immediate help in case of sickness and other afflictions, it may be a little hard for some of my children and grandchildren to fully comprehend my feelings about these things. But this *I know*, that without prayer and faith in the power of the Priesthood in administering to the sick and afflicted, it would have been impossible for Papa and me to have raised our thirteen children to full man and womanhood. And I know, too, that I was restored to health after my serious illness following the fall I had down stairs in [*Los Angeles*] October, 1944. I was getting steadily weaker, had been taken to the hospital and brought home and had been administered to, several times, by the elders. The first of February 1945, I asked to have Patriarch Orson Haynie administer to me and to give me a special blessing. He and Kermit [*Davidson*] administered to me. Brother Haynie gave me a wonderful blessing and while their hands were on my head, I felt the healing power go through my whole body and I knew that I was going to get well. I felt that if Brother Haynie had told me to get up and walk, I could have done so.

From that time on, I began to get better. I had not even been able to turn myself in bed or to feed myself or to make any exertion of any kind since the last of November. In about three weeks I was able to sit up a little each day, and gradually recovered. The morning after Brother Haynie had given me that blessing, Doctor Van Zandt came to see me and he remarked that for the wonderful change in my condition we could "give thanks to a higher

power than ours". Many times in later years when I have gone in for a medical check up, treatments and examinations from him, he has said that medical help did not heal me, but the power and blessings of God. He marveled at my recovery and would often say, "I never thought you would recover".

So, in the words of Magdalene C. Stephens, I can truly say – to my beloved family – that to me:

"The greatest joy that life can give,
Is the service of love, while yet we live.
And the service that's sweeter than any other
Is being a loving wife and mother.
My husband dear, my babies sweet,
Have filled my life with joy complete.
So much of love and pride and joy
Is wrapped around each precious girl and boy.
So fill your life with music sweet,
With love and the patter of baby feet,
And your memory pictures sweet will be
As those which now come back to me."

Papa's Tribute

Papa was asked by Sister Lannie P. Hoyt to write a sketch of my life to be read at a birthday party that the ladies of the Relief Society were giving for me on January 29, 1926. This is what he wrote:

Moneta Johnson Fillerup

Parents: William Derby Johnson, Jr. and Charlesetta Cram.
Birth: Kanab, Kane County, Utah, January 29th, 1882 - 44 years ago.

Childhood: Kanab, Utah. Early moved to Mexico with her father and mother. Had experience as a child in founding of Colonia Diaz, Mexico, which place grew to upwards of 900 people, in an agricultural section with abundant grazing land at hand. Attended the early school in the Colony taught by Edmund Richardson, the father of Mark and Lynn Richardson, well known here [Snowflake]. School was also taught by Elmer Johnson, an uncle. In her early teens she was an ardent student of music and became very proficient in piano and organ music. She was choir organist in her hometown for a number of years beginning as such at the age of 12 years.

Girlhood: She grew to maturity in a comparatively short time, and at home assumed the duties of the grown-ups, while in public, she was always a leader carrying out the responsibilities usually entrusted to much older persons. She graduated from the Diaz Academy (a church institution) in May 1898, excellent in all studies, but accomplished in Spanish and music. Thus, through rapidly coming into maturity and through earnest application in study, with much responsibility in home and in public duties, she was cheated out of a girlhood career and has known naught but childhood and womanhood, with the pleasures of the former and the stern responsibilities of the latter.

Womanhood: On June 1st 1898, at sixteen years of age, she married Charles Richard Fillerup, who for three years had been her teacher at the Diaz Academy. They honeymooned through Utah, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, with a cruise down the Columbia River and on down to the Golden Gate harbor in San Francisco, California. Enjoyed the ocean trip immensely, having but little seasickness. Visited and toured in and around San Francisco and Los Angeles while Admiral Dewey was capturing the Philippine Islands from the Spanish. Thence through California deserts, across Arizona, into New Mexico and on to Texas, crossing the International Boundary at El Paso, Texas and thence to her home in Chihuahua, Mexico. She resided in Colonia Diaz, State of Chihuahua, carrying the responsibilities of organist for several church organizations, Relief Society worker, president of Primary

Association, Mutual Improvement Association, instructor in music and the crowning event of motherhood from 1900 to 1922--four boys and nine girls (all living) came to acclaim her mother.

In 1912 her family moved into New Mexico, incident to the Revolutionary trouble in Old Mexico beginning in 1910. From there, the family moved to Tucson Farms Company in Tucson, Arizona. Later, her husband, under trying financial conditions, entered the University of Arizona for graduate work and the following year became a member of the Experiment Station Staff, a position he held for three years with headquarters at Cochise, Arizona. Since 1915 her family has resided at Snowflake

I am proud of my heritage, and of Papa's heritage, and mention of it has a place in my "Memories". My ancestral background, both paternal and maternal, is of early Colonial American ancestry. Almost without exception, my progenitors were in the American Colonies before 1700. When the church was organized and the Saints came west, my parents, my four grandparents and my paternal great grandmother Brown, came with them and were in Utah before 1869. They were all members of the church. Papa's parents joined the Church in Denmark and they came to Utah in 1867. His maternal grandmother was of Danish-German ancestry. She spoke "High Danish" and had an aristocratic background in Lubeck, Germany. Papa's paternal ancestry was Danish. I am grateful to be blessed with such a heritage.

Addendum

Tribute to Moneta Johnson Fillerup

by Silas L. Fish
May 20, 1965 at her funeral service

Our Beloved Family Friend

"To every soul there openeth a way, and ways, and a way;
The high soul *climbs* the high way; the low soul gropes the low;
While in between on the misty flats, the rest grope to and fro.
But to every soul there openeth a high way and a low,
And every soul must choose the way his soul shall go." (Author unknown)

Brothers, Sisters, and Friends - I am highly honored to be invited to say a few words on this very special occasion. But words are futile, and human limitations make it impossible to do justice to great souls.

A daughter of Heavenly Father, a devoted soul, a faithful wife and mother, a saint, has been called home. Sister Moneta Johnson Fillerup came to this greedy, selfish world from a Heavenly home, and she chose the high road, - the road of service, love, kindness, - the road that requires self-denial, work, preparation, and patience. She prepared herself for service, for usefulness, for love. She gained an understanding heart. She mothered a very large family and in some mysterious way, she planted in their hearts the desire to climb the high road, not to grope the low, not to drift, not to have for their only aim the gratification of the appetites and desires of the flesh. What a monumental accomplishment!

Yes, she learned the meaning of love. So many people never learn the deep meaning of love because they have failed to place service to others in first place in their lives. King Benjamin, of Book of Mormon history, says service to people is service to our Heavenly Father. It is through our giving service to people that we learn to love the Lord. The first great commandment given by the Lord to Moses and the children of Israel, and again given to us is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the motto for those who choose to follow the high road.

Sister Fillerup married a man who specialized in a most useful line of service, so he could give efficient service - service that none but specialists could give. Then he gave this service unstintingly and without favor. He served gladly, generously, never grudg-ingly. Duty to him was not drudgery; it was not a galling yoke. To him duty was an opportunity to serve - to help people -- people - our Heavenly Father's greatest creation. He was always glad to be of service.

Sister Fillerup learned that special service, freely given, given in kindness, in understanding, begets love; that deep, genuine love that is not understood by those who grope the low road in self-seeking, not knowing the thrilling joy that comes to those who climb the high road and answer the call of duty with glad hearts and thankful for the opportunity to find meaning to life.

Brother and Sister Fillerup were firm believers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To them, the high road meant far more than the honorable way of life, - the good way - the way of service. To them the high road as they climbed it meant the "straight and narrow road that leads to eternal life". It encompasses all truth, all righteousness, service, forgiveness, love and obeying

all the commandments of the Lord. When we read the Gospel story, and the commandments of the Lord, do we get the full meaning of the written word? Let us consider one of the Beatitudes as spoken by Christ of the Nephites. We find it much more meaningful as recorded in the Book of Mormon than the way it has come down to us in the Bible. 3 Nephi 12; 6: "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." These last four words are omitted in the Bible. Who is the Holy Ghost? He is a member of the Godhead. He is the witness of the Father and the Son. He is their messenger to earth. He is the soul of purity, sweetness and love. He is so holy that He cannot countenance impure thoughts.

We have to plan or choose to climb the high road. When we do, we get divine help. But we mortals have wandering minds and we must call a halt to those wanderings and get back on the high road, the straight and narrow road, then we can get help.

The Spirit of the Lord cannot do for us what we have to do for ourselves. When He lights our pathway and invites us to do our duty, the attractions of the world and the desires of this selfish body invite us to do otherwise, and we, ourselves, make the decision. We look around and we can always find a *good* excuse to disregard the guidance "just this once", and the spirit of the Lord is grieved. He cannot force us; force is the devil's tool.

"Know this that every soul is free to choose his life and what he'll be,

For this eternal truth is given, that God will force no man to heaven.

He'll call, persuade, direct aright, endow with wisdom, love and light,

In numerous ways be good and kind, but never force the human mind."

Back to the Beatitudes: "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." What happens when one is filled with the Holy Ghost? He then has joy and peace in his heart. He has all doubts removed. He then knows what to do and how to do it. When we do things in man's wisdom we make many mistakes. When the Holy Spirit guides us, we do not make mistakes unless we add some of our own wisdom in the process.

Brother and Sister Fillerup were not perfect, but they followed the Lord's program of prayer, preparation and trying to keep in tune with the Holy Spirit all through performing, and they believed in performing, not in leaving the Lord to do all the performing. They set a good example. When they prayed, they did not expect the Lord to do all the work in getting their prayers answered. They expected to work hard themselves. It was guidance they prayed for.

They brought a large family into the world and did a good part by them. May their posterity always remember the inspiring lives they lived. May the Lord bless this large family and their posterity forever with a keen realization of their heritage and with a firm resolution never to let their parents down.

And may we all, down deep in our hearts, highly resolve to keep our hearts in tune with the Holy Spirit that can lead us in righteousness on the high road, in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. Then we shall seek to learn and obey all the Lord's commandments. May this be our aim and constant goal I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Silas L. Fish

In Memorium for Moneta[1]

by Bertha A. Kleinman

(Inscribed in deepest friendship and affection and in life-long admiration and sympathy for Moneta's noble family.)

A fragrant blossom fading in the May when harvest time and winter days are gone,
When mantle of the dusk enfolds the day and twilight masks the evening's setting sun.
Not old, but mellowed like a ripened sheaf, in stately prime in loveliness of face,
Like youth restored - of suffering not a trace - but beautified in slumber's healing grace,
And so there is no sadness of farewell, but only yearning, Lord, Thy will to do,
For Thou who giveth hath the right to call her home, where she is loved and needed, too.
Death is the blissful closing of the day, when brave eyes close and tired hands lie still;
You need not mourn for she would dry your tears and bow with you beneath a Maker's Will.
And thank Him for her full and pageful life and for these many years she could remain,
And then to go in courage unafraid, to find fulfillment there in His domain.
There where her close departed loved ones are, who wait for her within the gates ajar.
Dearest Moneta, how she loved you all, and what a noble family she has reared --
You are her monument, her legacy, each one elect, so worthy and endeared.
And you whose arms have long enfolded her, whose home had sheltered her from worldly cares.
Here - your devotion is beautified, for you have held an Angel unawares.
A little ways, a little while to wait, then in that realm beyond the crystal sea,
Immortalized! Celestialized and free! What more to ask, what more can angels be!
And so until that day, not very far, we'll say "goodnight" our dearest, just "Goodnight".
Until we meet on that familiar star, no more goodbyes, dear heart, but just "Goodnight".

[1]Read at Moneta's funeral as part of Moneta's obituary on 20 May 1965 by Stan Turley, oldest grandson.

CHILDREN OF MONETA JOHNSON FILLERUP

At the time of her funeral, May 1965.

Back row: Otho, Phyllis, Genevieve, Ruby, Linnie, Wilma, Helen, Leonard
Front row: Charles, Margarette (Derby's wife), Vilda, Fernith, Kathe.

Last Will and Testament
Moneta Johnson Fillerup

BE IT KNOWN HEREBY, That I, Moneta Johnson Fillerup of the city of Phoenix in the County of Maricopa and State of Arizona, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby voluntarily make, publish and declare this to be my LAST WILL and TESTAMENT, hereby revoking any and all other WILLS heretofore made by me at any time.

I hereby nominate and appoint my daughter, Wilma Fillerup Turley, to serve as Executrix of this my LAST WILL and TESTAMENT. If she is, for any reason, unwilling or unable to serve as such Executrix, I then nominate and appoint Linnie Fillerup Montierth to serve as alternate Executrix of this my LAST WILL and TESTAMENT. I direct that no bond be required of my Executrix or Alternate Executrix.

I give, direct, and bequeath all the rest and residue of my estate to the following:

My daughter, Wilma Fillerup Turley: My Relief society quilt; my Cameo pin and Cameo earrings; my white scarf.
My daughter, Kathe Fillerup Freeman: Papa's large framed picture; Papa's scrap book; my suit lapel pin (that belonged to Nona).
My son, Charles R. Fillerup, Jr.: The set of "Dr. Crane's Essays" (8 volumes); the biography of Pres. George Albert Smith; the Mexican rug.
My son, Leonard A. Fillerup: the leather bound set of history books (set of 4); the pair of book ends; the two small Navajo rugs.
My daughter, Linnie Fillerup Montierth: My largest black photo album; one set of silver; one pin (gold and crystals).
My daughter, Helen Fillerup Davidson: My three-strand pearl necklace; one dress pin (Cameo and gold); one of the flowered tablecloths.
My daughter, Genevieve Fillerup Taylor: The set of Elbert Hubbard's books; suit lapel pin (crystal); my flowered scarf (the square one).
My daughter, Vilda Fillerup Sayner: My watch; the photo album Zeno gave me; suit lapel pin (gold flower).
My daughter, Fernith Fillerup Palmer: My best set of silver; my black and white scarf; suit lapel pin (large crystal one).
My daughter-in-law, Margarette McNeil Fillerup: My lace table cloth; the fruit bowl Derby sent to me from Hawaii; suit lapel pin (gold and crystal).
My son, Otho W. Fillerup: The set of "U.S. History in Romance" (14 volumes); the set of three books by Richard L. Evans ("Unto The Hills"; "The Spoken Word"; "This Day and Always"); my large white and pink blanket.
My daughter, Phyllis Fillerup Shumway: My wedding ring; my crystal necklace; one of my "down" pillows.
My daughter, Ruby Fillerup Medigovich: My engagement ring; my two-strand pearl necklace; one of my "down" pillows.
My grand-daughter, Denna J. Fillerup: Derby's framed picture; Derby's scrap book.
My framed pictures and other pictures and snapshots to be given to those who gave them to me.
My sheets, towels, pillow slips, table cloths, etc. I wish to be given to those who need them.
My fireplace tongs, shovel, etc. I wish Wilma F. Turley to keep.
The television and gray lamp are to be given to Vilda F. Sayner.
The cedar chest and big rocker are for Helen F. Davidson.

My son-in-law, Fred A. Turley: a book.
My son-in-law, J.R. Freeman, Sr.: a book.
My daughter-in-law, Dorothy Jones Fillerup: a crocheted round ecru center piece.
My daughter-in-law, Bessy Kirkham Fillerup: a crocheted white square scarf.
My son-in-law Kermit Davidson: a book.
My son-in-law, Walter B. Sayner: a book.
My son-in-law, Otto W. Palmer: a book.
My daughter-in-law, Maudie Pyle Fillerup: a crocheted tan and colored round centerpiece.

My son-in-law, Ord L. Shumway: a book.
My son-in-law, Roy M. Medigovich: a book.

My grand-son, Stan F. Turley: a book.
Kitty Turley Benson: a book.
My grand-daughter, Wanda Turley Smith: Statuettes, man and lady.
My grand-daughter, Monita Turley Robison: flowered pink scarf.
My grand-daughter, Marilyn Turley Larson: My large dark scarf.
My grand-son, J.R. Freeman, Jr.: a book.
My grand-daughter, Dorothy Fillerup Long: Large crocheted dresser scarf.
My grand-son, Charles Roderick Fillerup: a book.
My grand-daughter, Vilda Joan Fillerup: a crocheted scarf for chest.
My grand-son, George Leonard Fillerup: a book.
My grand-son Herbert R. Montierth, Jr.: a book.
My grand-daughter, Moneta Montierth Oates: dress pin.
My grand-daughter, Lorraine Montierth Whitmer: dress pin.
My grand-daughter, Florence Fay Montierth: dress pin.
My grand-daughter, Myrna Lue Montierth: gold colored necklace.
My grand-daughter, Klonda Ann Montierth: gold colored necklace.
My grand-son, Clarence Robert Montierth: a book.
My grand-son, Garry Lynn Montierth: a book.
My grand-daughter, Moneta Davidson: crocheted centerpiece.
My grand-son, Hugh P. Taylor, Jr.: a book.
My grand-son, Charles T. Taylor: a book.
My grand-daughter, Florence Beatrice Sayner: dress pin.
My grand-daughter, Wallis Vilda Sayner: dress pin.
My grand-son, Monte Wayne Palmer: a book.
My grand-son, Kay Lavell Palmer: a book.
My grand-son, Jon Blaine Palmer: a book.
My grand-daughter, Patty Fillerup: Otho's framed picture.
My grand-son, Ricky Fillerup: a book.
My grand-son, Robbie Fillerup: a book.
My grand-son, Gary Scott Shumway: a book.
My grand-son, David Brian Shumway: a book.
My grand-son, Roderick (Roddy) Medigovich: a book.
My grand-daughter-in-law, Cleo Olsen Turley: crocheted doily.
My grand son-in-law, A. Marion Smith: a book.
My grand-son-in-law, Clarence Robison: a book.
My grand-son-in-law, Mack R. Larson: a book.
My grand-daughter-in-law, Libby Jeffries Freeman: crocheted buffet scarf.
My grand-son-in-law, Robert Long: a book.
My grand-daughter-in-law, Darlene Roberts Montierth: crocheted doily.
My grand-son-in-law, Robert Oates: a book.
My grand-son-in-law, Grant Whitmer: a book.
My grand-daughter-in-law, Doreen Reidhead Palmer: crocheted doily.

For my Great-Grandchildren:

Tauna Turley: nice handkerchief.
Margo Turley: nice handkerchief.
Jana Turley: nice handkerchief.
Ricky Turley: a book.
Grant Frasier: a book.
Grant Benson: a book.
David Smith: a book.

Susan Smith: nice handkerchief.
Jennifer Smith: nice handkerchief.
Carol Smith: nice handkerchief.
Ronald Robison: a book.
Stevie Robison: a book.
Sandra Robison: a book.
Allyn Larson: a book.
Bradley Larson: a book.
Jeff Freeman : a book.
Jimmy Freeman: a book.
John Freeman: a book.
Sheryl Montierth: a book
Ray Montierth: a book.
Bradley Oates: a book.
Grant Whitmer, Jr.: a book.

* * * * * * * * * *

Any money in my checking account should be used for funeral and burial expenses.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I hereunto subscribe my name this 3rd day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five at Phoenix, Arizona.

Moneta Johnson Fillerup

The above-named Testatrix (Moneta Johnson Fillerup) has declared this to be her LAST WILL and TESTAMENT, and has requested us to subscribe our names hereto as witnesses. We believe said Testatrix to be of sufficiently sound mind to make a Will. In our presence, on the date and at the place hereof, said Testatrix has signed, sealed, published and declared, and we, in said Testatrix's presence, and in the presence of each other, subscribe our names as witnesses.

Mrs. Melissa P. Maglely, 2137 W. Avalon Drive, Phoenix, Ariz.
Grant W. Maglely, 2137 W. Avalon Drive, Phoenix, Arizona

Wilma
Kathe
Charles
Leonard
Linnie
Helen
Genevieve
Vilda
Fernith
Derby
Otho
Phyllis
Ruby

The Thirteen Children of Charles Richard and Moneta Johnson Fillerup 1900 – 1922

l. Wilma Caroline (Frederick Andrew Turley)
8 March 1900 - 14 August 1982

2. Kathe Moneta (James Robert Freeman, Sr.)
22 July 1901 - 3 March 1970

3. Charles Richard, Jr. (Dorothylue Jones)
5 March 1903 - 11 November 1983

4. Leonard Atmone (Bessy LaVerne Kirkham)
7 November 1904 - 20 January 1988

5. Linnie Charlesetta (Herbert Ray Montierth, Sr.)
22 September 1906 - 21 November 1990

6. Helen Mae (Kermit Davidson)
14 June 1908 - 8 August 1980

7. Genevieve (Hugh Pettingill Taylor, Sr.)
25 November 1909 - 13 November 1980

8. Vilda (Walter Bennett Sayner)
27 September 1911 - 27 August 2001

9. Fernith (Otto Wayne Palmer)
3 December 1913 - 20 March 2001

#10. Andrew Derby (Vera Jeanette Laney; Margarette McNeil)
20 October 1915 - 26 February 1945

#11. Otho Wilfred (Maude Alice Pyle; Rose Hopkins; Barbara Joyce Hopper)
17 August 1918 - 22 December 1999

#12. Phyllis (Ord L Shumway)
22 February 1922 -

#13. Ruby (Roy Medigovich; Laurence Klamroth; Theodore John Tepsich)
22 February 1922 – 17 Mar 2003

The Grandchildren of
Charles Richard and Moneta Johnson Fillerup

(Thirty-six grandchildren born 1921 - 1959)

Wilma Fillerup and Fred Turley

Stanley Frederick	27 February 1921
Grant Marion	18 June 1922 - 6 March 1944
Wanda May	14 May 1926
Monita	7 May 1930
Marilyn	23 August 1931

Kathe Fillerup and J. Robert Freeman, Sr.

James Robert, Jr.	17 October 1922

Charles Richard, Jr. and Dorothylue Jones Fillerup

Dorothy Lucile	8 March 1926
Charles Roderick	22 June 1929 – 28 Sep 2003
Vilda Joan	28 September 1930

Leonard and Bessy (LaVerne) Fillerup

George Leonard	7 July 1939 (adopted as infant)

Linnie Fillerup and Herbert Montierth

Herbert Ray	7 February 1930
Kathe Moneta	25 May 1932
Linnie Lorraine	12 August 1933
Florence Faye	8 July 1936
Myrna Lue	19 August 1938
Klonda Ann	27 September 1940
Clarence Robert	27 March 1945
Garry Lynn	22 January 1949

Helen Fillerup and Kermit Davidson

Carolyn Moneta	20 December 1939 - 25 June 1969

Genevieve Fillerup and Hugh Pettingill Taylor, Sr.

Hugh Pettingill, Jr.	27 December 1932
Charles Truman	27 December 1932 - 15 May 1988

Vilda Fillerup and Walter Sayner

Florence Beatrice (Flavia)	23 May 1938
Wallis Vilda	4 July 1939
Leonard Ellis	24 September 1940 - 20 February 1941

Fernith Fillerup and Otto Palmer

Monte Wayne	9 May 1933
Kay LaVell	18 July 1934 - 12 July 1990
Jon Blaine	19 November 1938

Derby and Mary Margarette McNeil Fillerup

Denna Jeanne	20 October 1943

Otho and Maude Alice Pyle Fillerup

Patricia Jane	24 March 1947
Richard Alfred	17 October 1950
Robert Derby	3 January 1953

Phyllis Fillerup and Ord Shumway

Gary Scott	27 November 1949
David Brian	14 March 1953
Robert Allen	11 August 1956
Charles Ord	1 October 1959

Ruby Fillerup and Roy Medigovich

Roderick Stephan	14 April 1948

Personal History Of Mary Evalean Johnson Fillerup
1958

[Excerpt, pages 1 - 2.]

In 1889 my father [*James Parley Johnson*] moved to Diaz, Old Mexico, where he again had to make a new home. I began school at the age of six. I was baptized by my father in 1891 and confirmed by Apostle George Teasdale.

When fourteen years of age I joined the Y.L.M.I.A. and about two years later was sustained as Secretary, which position I held until we were driven from Mexico, or about eight years. I was also organist and teacher in the Sunday School.

At the age of seventeen I was married to Charles R. Fillerup as his second wife, ceremony being performed by C.F. McDonald, [*November 19*] 1901, at Diaz, Mexico.

Soon after this I was sustained as 2nd Counselor in the Ward Primary and held this position until we were driven from Mexico. My first baby, Hester, was born September 13, 1905; the second being a still birth which occurred August 23, 1908.

About this time the Mexican Revolution began, we had a lot of trouble with the Mexicans from then until July 28th, when we were driven from our homes. The authorities thought we would be able to go back in a short time but after camping in tents for some time at Hachita, New Mexico, decided that it would be impossible and other plans would have to be made. While we were camped there, cooking over a campfire most of the time, and putting up with many other unpleasant things, my third baby and only son, Ross, was born in a tent on August 9, 1912. When the baby was seven days old my husband took his first family and moved to Tucson, Arizona.

We stayed in this camp until November and then I moved with my father to Thatcher, Arizona where we were allowed to live in a vacant house during the winter. On the way to Thatcher we stopped over night at the home of an acquaintance by the name of Jasper Gale, this was the first house my baby had ever been in and he was then three months old. We decided to move to Blanding, in San Juan County, Utah, the place at the time being called Grayson. Conditions were such that I could not go to my husband, so was compelled to go with my parents.

Our company, which left Thatcher on the 7th of March 1913 consisted of my father and mother and their unmarried children, one married sister, Lucy and her family, myself and two children, my father's cousin and a young man by the name of Charles R. Harvey. We traveled by team and wagon and were on the road for six weeks. During this time we encountered many hardships, such as snowstorms, blizzards, high rivers, lots of mud and our provisions running very low, but we arrived in Grayson on April 17, 1913. My oldest brother, John, was living here, and took us in and did all he could to make us comfortable. The day after our arrival we celebrated mother's 49th birthday.

Two weeks after arriving in Blanding, I moved into a tent and took in washing or anything I could get to do to earn a living for my children. While here, my baby had a lingering illness for about six weeks but was healed by the power of the Lord and he grew to manhood.

The Children and Grandchildren of Charles Richard and Mary Evalean Johnson Fillerup

Mary – 9 December 1883 – 11 January 1975
(Nearly 92 years of age.)

Children:

#1. Hester (Hyrum Black)	13 September 1905 - 27 February 1995
#2. Ruth (stillbirth)	23 August 1908 - 23 August 1908
#3. Ross Andrew (Christianna Breinholt)	9 August 1912 - 27 March 1950

Grandchildren:

Hester Fillerup and Hyrum Taylor Black

Cherril	29 August 1924
Kenneth Taylor	26 May 1927
Calvin F	17 March 1929
Donald F	13 April 1932
Helen	1 May 1935
Carol	14 December 1936
Marilyn	22 June 1938

Ross Albert and Christianna Breinholt Fillerup

Lincoln Ross	12 February 1935
Gary Allen	30 August 1936
Anna Mae	23 July 1938
Julie	6 June 1940
David Marlin	22 April 1945

Plural Marriages In Our Family

Plural marriage was a principle carefully administered through Priesthood authority, and these marriages were sealed for eternity. A man could not arbitrarily take for himself multiple wives. Men of known integrity, most commonly ones tried and trusted in church leadership positions, were asked to take more than one wife. He must also be able to provide for more than one family. A low percentage of Mormon men had plural families.

If a man had a wife or wives, she, or they, as the case may be, must consent to the marriage, and, of course, the woman he chose to join his existing family must be in agreement. Great responsibility was attached to this calling, both for the man and for the woman, as the purpose was to "raise up a righteous generation" to the Lord. Families were usually very large if the wife was capable of bearing many children.

Three of the wives of William Derby Johnson, Jr. had large families: Lucy Brown, 10; Charlesetta, 12; and Mary, 9. Lulu's poor health permitted her to have only one child. Including adopted daughter, Domer, the family numbered 33 children. Providing for a family of that size was serious business!

You, who are interested in genealogy, will find in church sealing records that William Derby Johnson, Jr. was sealed to a fifth wife. On 12 Oct 1870 he was sealed to Mary Trotter Brown (1MXV-N8), his mother's (Jane Cadwallader Brown) sister, who died in 1848 at the age of 11 years. It was not an uncommon practice at the time to seal an unmarried deceased female to a worthy man.

William Derby Johnson, Sr. had but one wife, Jane Cadwallader Brown. He was a fine man, a Patriarch in their stake. He also was a good provider. Was he not asked to take another wife? Did he not agree to take another one, or did Jane not approve of his having a second wife? We do not know. Jane gave birth to 13 children and raised a fine family.

Charles Richard Fillerup was advised to take a second wife in 1901 by both Stake President Anthony W. Ivins and Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr., Moneta's own father. What a difficult trial for a young wife of three and a half years, or for any wife, to accept her husband taking another wife. It must have been difficult for husbands, also.

In order to avoid prison after the exodus from Mexico, William Derby, Charles and other Mormon men, who were legally practicing plural marriage in Mexico, could legally recognize only one wife and her children in the United States.

Thus, Mary Evalean and her two children, 7-year-old Hester and newborn baby, Ross, could not accompany Charles. They had little choice but to go with her father's family to Utah. William Derby and Lucy moved to Tucson where he lived until his death in 1923. Charlesetta, with sons Otho and Roy, moved to Columbus, New Mexico where she died in 1917.

Adults involved in plural families in Mexico usually did not discuss this situation after the exodus for fear of prosecution and community rejection.

It appears unusual to us, as Charles' and Moneta's descendants, that Moneta does not mention Charles' marriage to Mary Evalean in her story. Was it too painful a chapter in her life? Was it because they lived in Tucson and then Cochise the first four years following the exodus from Mexico? Tucson had only a very small colony of Mormons. In Cochise they were the only Mormon family. An atmosphere of persecution or harassment still existed in these Gentile communities.

The Fillerup children were very young at the time, and were used to having many "aunts". The word aunt preceding a woman's name, as in Aunt Lucy or Aunt Annie, was just a common acknowledgement of respect for married women. Wilma, the oldest child, was twelve. Only a few of the older children in the family would realize Aunt Mary was Charles' wife. Perhaps it was safest and simplest to just not mention the other family. This is what seems to have taken place. Consequently, some of the younger children did not know of Aunt Mary and her family until they were teens.

Wilma wrote in a declaration to her family on July 27, 1978:

"In regard to the plural marriage of my father, Charles Richard Fillerup and Mary Evalyn Johnson (no relation to Moneta Johnson, my mother) . . . I want to say in all faith, love and seriousness in this matter that my father and mother, who gave her consent to her husband's marriage, . . . were counseled by those in authority over them to make this great sacrifice; by William Derby Johnson, [*Jr.*]*, Bishop of Colonia Diaz . . . and Anthony W. Ivins, President of the Juarez Stake. This marriage was sanctioned by the above and performed by A.F. McDonald, Patriarch of Juarez Stake in Mexico, as the law of the land there permitted plural marriage.*

I can honestly say that my parents and Aunt Mary lived in good faith, doing what they thought was right and honorable, and I want to add that we lived in peace and harmony until we left Mexico . . . Aunt Mary decided it best for her to stay with her father, Parley Johnson, who moved to Blanding, Utah, to make his new home. Charles and Moneta, with eight children, made their way to Tucson, later to settle in Snowflake, Arizona.

Thus our paths parted for a long time and [it was] *hard for all of us, especially for Aunt Mary and her two dear children, Hester and Ross.*

I am proud of my sister Hester and brother Ross and their fine big families . . . My regret is that through the years of separation we did not know each other, but [I] *am very thankful in these later years of contact and communication that we know them and love them.I know the Lord will bless our big Family for every sacrifice. We have lived in honor and love, and peace is in our hearts. I am happy to write this declaration to my brothers and sisters and family that shall follow. . ."*

In 1994 during a visit with Doadie Fillerup Boyer in Mesa, Vilda Fillerup Sayner remarked that she didn't know her father had another wife and family until she was in college. When she asked her mother about it, Moneta said that her husband had taken another wife in Mexico, and that Vilda was not to think badly of him for it; that he was an honorable man. She then said that the matter was never to be discussed again.

Otho and the twins also had no knowledge of the other family until they were adults. Ruby and Phyllis developed close ties with the younger generation of this second family and held reunions with them. Wilma and Linnie also corresponded with Aunt Mary and her daughter Hester.

The Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Brigham Young University, conducted an oral LDS polygamy history project. Wilma Fillerup Turley was interviewed by Rochelle Fairbourn on 27 April 1982, four months before her death. Linnie Fillerup Montierth was interviewed by Amy Bentley on 13 February 1984. Wilma and Linnie described in some detail the closeness of family members and the emphasis placed on respect for others, cooperation and self

discipline within the family group. Gossiping and quarreling were discouraged and the children dearly loved their "aunts" who shared the responsibility of raising them.

Wilma is quoted in the interview:

"My mother had children very fast, but Aunt Mary had one little girl, [Hester, born 13 September, 1905]. *She must have had miscarriages and trouble because she didn't have another child for many years.* [Ruth was stillborn 23 August 1908.] *I never remember her* [Aunt Mary] *speaking unkindly to us or being anything but kind and gentle. My Aunt Mary was very dear to me. My sister, Hester, was just very dear and I still hear from her. . . We corresponded. My father corresponded, and we knew about them, of course, all the time.*

My Aunt Mary had her living quarters. There would be times when she would eat with us and come in with us. They needed their own living quarters, but she was always kind and would invite us in. With so many children around, our house [Moneta's] *seemed like it was always littered and there were always kids around. We weren't allowed to tear things up, but we certainly were allowed around. But Aunt Mary's house was always so neat and orderly and everything, that we used to love to go over to Aunt Mary's, too.*

. . . Both wives attended church with my father as a family. I stayed home and took care of the kids while they went to church. Aunt Mary was always active in the church."

Linnie is quoted in the interview:

"The stake president counseled my father to take a second wife. They told him to marry Aunt Mary [Evalean] *Johnson. So he did. They lived their religion. They were just that staunch in their religion . . . It took a lot of courage. My father was counseled and he was asked to marry a second wife. It was almost like being called on a mission.*

They were married by Brother McDonald . . . I am proud that my grandpa was a polygamist and my father. They were both very, very honorable men. We were happy. I loved all of my half-aunts and uncles as dearly as I did my own. My mother loved her half-sisters and half-brothers just as much as she did her own.

When asked in the interview if her father ever went to Blanding to visit Mary, Linnie said:

"No, he wrote to her all of the time. They both thought that it was best for him to stay where he was because if it were found out, he would be put in jail. It was a protection for him that he did not go. But we wrote back and forth. When Hester got married, she wrote and asked Daddy's permission. He sent a letter to her giving his blessing and his consent for her marriage."

When the interviewer asked about her life in Mexico, Linnie replied:

"All of the family would always sit together [in church on Sundays]. *. . . There was no competition; no jealousy. They loved each other. The first wife always had to give the consent for the husband to marry a second or third wife.*

[Aunt Mary] *had her own apartment. Mother had a bunch of children and Aunt Mary did not. They each had their own home. That is the way it should be."*

Emma Mortenson Skousen lived next door to Bishop Johnson, and the children in her family often played with the Johnson children. She wrote:

"Because I loved to read and study, Bishop Johnson invited me to use his wonderful library. And since I read the books right there, I grew to be almost a fixture of the family, and know whereof I speak.

Bishop had three lovely wives: Lucy Brown, Charlesetta Cram and Mary Riggs, the first wife Lulu Salisbury, having died before she got to Mexico... Bishop Johnson built a nice house in Colonia Diaz and moved his three families into it. Here is where I became well acquainted with all three women. Their husband was a prince over his family and they were all organized by him, but met in a group to counsel together. Lucy was placed as head of the kitchen, though they all, including Domer, helped as needed. Willie did the outside chores, occasionally helped by Domer, and the Bishop worked in the yard where he had a most beautiful flower garden.

They all prepared themselves for breakfast, which was always ready on time. All knelt at the table for prayer, each wife taking care of her own children. Each wife had her own apartment and managed her own family. After the morning work was finished, the children were allowed to go out to play usually with the Mortensen children, pairing off according to ages.

I never saw a family more perfectly organized, nor who worked in greater harmony than did the Bishop's family." [*Heartbeats of Colonia Diaz, pp. 289, 290.*]

Beryl Johnson Whiting, daughter of Charlesetta and William Derby Johnson, Jr., wrote in her "Life In Old Mexico":

"My early life in Colonia Diaz, Mexico was very pleasant. My father, William Derby Johnson, Jr., was called by the church leaders to help settle the colonies in Mexico and was set apart as a doctor for the Mexicans. . . . This calling came in 1885 and a few months later, his wives and families moved to Mexico. At first all three wives and children lived in one large house. Here we all lived and ate as a family unit. My earliest experience with prayer was strengthened with the association of all my brothers and sisters and aunts with my father leading, kneeling down at family prayer twice a day. Later on, he built separate homes for his wives, but we still continued to meet as a family each Thanksgiving, Christmas, Father's Day dinner, singing and telling stories and having a good time in general. . . .

Our family was so large (33 brothers and sisters, children of all the wives) that I was unable to attend high school, as we had to go to Colonia Juarez and it cost so much money that only a few of the older ones were able to attend. I only attended school to the eighth grade."

In this modern age it is difficult for us to imagine how our ancestors coped with the many hardships of their circumstances. They were strong in body, courage and faith and we are privileged to have these hardy pioneers as ancestors. William Derby, Jr., a successful businessman, was stripped of everything but his faith and family, not once, but twice. Grandma Moneta, a plucky lady, lovingly and cheerfully raised her family under such unimaginable hardships. How lucky we are to share their genetic pool!

The Wives And Children Of William Derby Johnson, Jr.

2 May 1850 - 17 October 1923 (age 73)

Lucy Annie Salisbury (Lulu)	01 Nov 1850	26 Apr 1885
m. 29 Nov 1869 (age 19)		(age 35)
1. William Derby Johnson III (Willie)	20 Sep 1870	07 Jul 1892
2. Domer Jones (adpt. 4 Apr 1878) [Adams]	31 Aug 1870	03 July 1912
Lucy Elizabeth Brown	12 Apr 1859	28 Apr 1952
m. 29 Mar 1877 (age 18)		(age 93)
1. Zeno Martel Johnson	16 Apr 1878	20 Aug 1955
2. Annie Johnson (stillborn)	23 Nov 1880	23 Nov 1880
3. Ruby Johnson	16 Dec 1882	17 Jul 1883
4. Rupert Fay Johnson (Fay)	02 Feb 1885	30 Jan 1886
5. Jane Cadwallader Johnson [Parry]	22 Jun 1886	06 Nov 1969
6. Kathe Johnson	15 Aug 1888	02 Jun 1891
7. Viva Johnson [VanWyke]	15 Oct 1890	19 Oct 1966
8. Ivy Johnson [Lemmon]	16 May 1892	23 Mar 1963
9. Karl Maeser Johnson	22 May 1895	09 Aug 1897
10. Harriet Persis Johnson [Seiders]	22 Nov 1898	23 Jan 1972
(Lucy was 39 when Harriet was born.)		
Charlesetta Prescott Cram	10 Feb 1861	14 Feb 1917
m. 29 May 1879 (age 18)		(age 56)
1. Leonard Charles Johnson	07 Dec 1880	19 Sep 1882
2. Moneta Johnson [Fillerup]	29 Jan 1882	17 May 1965
3. Ivan Clare Johnson (Clare)	24 Mar 1884	06 Mar 1937
4. Lucy Annie Johnson (Lue) [Darwin]	23 Apr 1885	27 Mar 1954
5. Elmer Otho Johnson (Otho)	17 Aug 1887	20 Nov 1970
6. Winnie Johnson [Whiting]	04 Nov 1888	07 Oct 1920
7. Beryl Johnson [Whiting]	28 Aug 1891	10 Apr 1967
8. Roy Prescott Johnson	14 Jun 1893	11 Nov 1953
9. Beatrice Johnson (Bea)	29 Mar 1897	15 Sep 1904
10. Zenona Johnson (Nona) [Barrett]	16 Apr 1901	17 Feb 1952
11. Yuna (Una) Johnson	13 Feb 1903	28 Feb 1903
12. Beulah Eliza Johnson [Moon]	02 Aug 1904	17 Aug 1945
(Charlesetta was 43 when Beulah was born)		
Mary Agnes Riggs	29 Nov 1863	04 Nov 1954
m. 27 Apr 1884 (age 21)		(age 91)
1. Ruthie Johnson [Fredericksen]	27 Oct 1885	01 Aug 1966
2. Abia Ezekial Johnson	31 Oct 1888	02 Nov 1978
3. George Teasdale Johnson	17 Feb 1891	09 Nov 1893
4. Henry Lunt Johnson	05 Feb 1896	06 Feb 1896
5. Lila Johnson [Jessop][McDonald]	18 Aug 1897	18 Jul 1973
6. Myrza Johnson	26 Jul 1899	28 Apr 1900
7. Herbert Ensign Johnson	27 Jan 1901	02 Feb 1901
8. Ellwood Hills Johnson	11 Nov 1903	Mar 1920
9. Owen Woodruff Johnson	29 Jan 1906	29 Mar 1977